THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

CONTAINING
TWELVE ÆGLOGVES, PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHS.

ENTITVLED,
To the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, most worthy *of all titles, both of Learning and Chiualrie,*
Maſter Philip Sidney.

LONDON,
Printed by *Bar: Alſop* for *Iohn Harriſon the elder*, and are to bee *ſolde at his ſhop at the ſigne of the golden Anker* in Pater Noſter Row, 1617.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe little Booke: thy ſelfe preſent,
As child whoſe parent is vnkent,
To him that is the preſident
Of noblenesſe and chiualrie:
And if that Enuie barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccour flee
Vnder the ſhadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A Shepheards ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying flocke hee fed:
And when his Honour hath thee read,
Craue pardon for thy hardy head.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert baſe begot with blame:
For why thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt ieopardie,
Come tell me what was ſayde of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immerito.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

TO THE MOST EXCEL-

lent and learned, both Oratour and Poet, Mr. *GABRIEL HARVEY*, *his verie speciall and singular good friend*, E. K. commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and *the Patronage of the new Poet.*

VNcouth, *vnkist*, sayde the olde famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellency and wonderfull skill in making his Scholler *Lidgate*, a worthy Scholler of so excellent a Master, calleth the Loadstarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Tytirus*, the God of Shepheards, comparing him to the worthinesse of the Roman *Tytirus Virgil.* Which Prouerbe, mine owne good friend Mr. *Haruey*, as in that good old Poet, it serued well *Pindarus* purpose, for the bolstering of his bawdie brocage, so very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that hee is vncouth (as sayde *Chaucer*) is vnkist, and vnknowne to most men; is regarded but of a few. But I doubt not, so soone as his name shall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthinesse bee sounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that hee shall bee not onely kist, but also beloued of all, embraced of the most, and wondred at of the best: No lesse, I thinke, deserueth his wittinesse in deuising, his pithinesse in vttering, his complaint of loue so louely, his discourses of pleasure so pleasantly, his pastorall rudenesse, his morall wisenesse, his due obseruing of *Decorum* euery where, in personages, in seasons, in matter, in speech, and generally, in all seemely simplicity of handling his matters, and framing his words: the which of many things that in him be strange, I know will seeme the strangest; the wordes themselues being so ancient, the knitting of them so short and intricate, and the whole period and compasse of his speech so delightsome for the roundnesse, and so graue for the strangenesse. And first of the words to speake, I grant they be something hard, and of most men vnused, yet both English, and also vsed of most excellent Authours, and most famous Poets. In whom, when as this our Poet hath beene much trauayled and throughly read, how could it be (as that worthy Oratour sayd) but that

walking in the Sunne, although for other cauſe hee walked, yet needes hee muſt be ſunne-burnt; and hauing the ſound of thoſe ancient Poets ſtill ringing in his eares, hee mought needs in ſinging, hitte out ſome of their tunes. But whether hee vſeth them by ſuch caſualty and cuſtome, or of ſet purpoſe and choiſe, as thinking them fitteſt for ſuch ruſtical rudeneſſe of Shepheards; either for that their rough ſound would make his rimes more ragged and ruſticall: or elſe becauſe ſuch olde and obſolete words are moſt vſed of Country folke; ſure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amiſſe, that they bring great grace, and as one would ſay, authority to the verſe. For albeit amongſt many other faults, it ſpecially be obiected of *Valla* againſt *Liuie*, and of other againſt *Saluſt*, that with ouer-much ſtudy they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the beſt learned are of the like, that thoſe ancient ſolemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to ſet forth in his worke an eternall Image of antiquity, and the other carefully diſcourſing matters of grauity and importance. For if my opinion fayle not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to ſet forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, ſayth, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the ſtile ſeeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwiſe then wee honour and reuerence gray hayres, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neyther euery where muſt old wordes be ſtuffed in, nor the common Dialect, & maner of ſpeaking ſo corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it ſeeme diſorderly and ruinous. But as in moſt exquiſite pictures, they vſe to blaze and portrait, not onely the daintie lineaments or beauty, but alſo round about it, to ſhadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that by the baſeneſſe of ſuch parts, more excellency may accrew to the principall (for oftentimes wee finde our ſelues, I know not how, ſingularly delighted with the ſhew of ſuch naturall rudeneſſe, and take great pleaſure in that diſorderly order): euen ſo doe thoſe rough and harſh tearmes, enlumine and make more cleerely to appeare the brightneſſe of braue and glorious words. So oftentimes, a diſcord in muſicke maketh a comely concordance: ſo great delight tooke the worthy Poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemiſh in the ioynt of a well ſhaped body. But if any will raſhly blame ſuch his purpoſe in choice of old and vnwonted wordes, him may I more iuſtly blame and condemne, eyther of witleſſe headineſſe in iudging, or of heedleſſe hardineſſe in condemning: for not marking the compaſſe of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his caſt. For in my opinion, it is one eſpeciall prayſe of many, which are due to this Poet, that hee hath laboured to reſtore as to their rightfull heritage, ſuch good and naturall Engliſh words, as haue been long time out of vſe, and almoſt cleane diſherited. Which is the onely cauſe, that our mother tongue, which truly of it ſelfe is both ful enough for proſe, and ſtately enough for verſe, hath long time beene counted moſt bare and barren of both. Which default, when as ſome endeuoured to ſalue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces

and

and ragges of other languages; borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine; not weighing how ill thoſe tongues accord with themſelues, but much worſe with ours: So now they haue made our Engliſh tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other ſpeeches.

Other-ſome, not ſo well ſeene in the Engliſh tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word, albeit very naturall and ſignificant, cry out ſtraight way, that wee ſpeake no Engliſh, but gibberiſh, or rather, ſuch as in old time *Euanders* mother ſpake: whoſe firſt ſhame is, that they are not aſhamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted ſtrangers, and aliens. The ſecond ſhame no leſſe then the firſt, that what they vnderſtand not, they ſtraight way deeme to be ſenſeleſſe, and not at all to be vnderſtood: Much like to the Mole in *Aeſops* fable, that being blind herſelfe, would in no wiſe bee perſwaded that any beaſt could ſee. The laſt, more ſhamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall ſpeech (which together with their Nurſes milke they ſucked) they haue ſo baſe and baſtard iudgement, that they will not only themſelues not labour to garniſh & beautifie it, but alſo repine, that of other it ſhould be embeliſhed; Like to the dog in the maunger, that himſelfe can eate no hay, and yet barketh at the hungry bullocke, that ſo faine would feed: whoſe curriſh kind, though it cannot bee kept from barking, yet I conne them thanke that they refraine from biting.

Now, for the knitting of ſentences, which they call the ioynts and members thereof, & for all the compaſſe of the ſpeech, it is round without roughneſſe, and learned without hardnes, ſuch indeed as may be perceyued of the leaſt, vnderſtood of the moſt, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in moſt Engliſh writers vſeth to be looſe, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and ſtrongly truſſed vp together. In regard whereof I ſcorne and ſpew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rimers (for ſo themſelues vſe to hunt the letter) which without learning boaſt, without iudgement iangle, without reaſon rage and fome, as if ſome inſtinct of Poeticall ſpirit had newly rauiſhed them aboue the meanneſſe of common capacity. And being in the midſt of all their brauery, ſuddenly eyther for want of matter or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they ſeeme to be ſo pained & trauelled in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that ſame Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her: *Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Neuertheleſſe, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, ſo they ſeeke not to darken the beames of others glory. As for *Colin*, vnder whoſe perſon the Authors ſelfe is ſhadowed, how farre he is from ſuch vaunted titles, and glorious ſhewes, both himſelfe ſheweth, where he ſayth:

Of Muſes Hobbinoll, *I conne no skill.* And

Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt, &c.

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, wherein it ſeemeth hee choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then profeſſing it,

not ſuffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Aeglogues thē otherwiſe to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furniſh our tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth; or following one example of the beſt and moſt ancient Poets, which deuiſed this kinde of writing, beeing both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the maner; at the firſt to trie their habilities: like as young birds, that be newly crept out of the neſt, by little and little firſt proue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceyue hee was already full fledged. So flew *Virgill*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuane*, as not being full ſomd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot Sanazarui*, and alſo diuerſe other excellent both Italian and French Poets, whoſe footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet ſo as few, but they bee well ſented, can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poet, as a bird whoſe principals be ſcarce grown out, but yet as one that in time ſhall be able to keepe wing with the beſt.

Now, as touching the generall driſt and purpoſe of his Aeglogues, I mind not to ſay much, himſelfe labouring to conceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnſtayed youth had long wandred in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate and allay the heat of his paſſion, or elſe to warne (as he ſayth) the yong ſhepheards (his equals and companions) of his vnfortunate folly, hee compiled theſe twelue Aeglogues; which for that they bee proportioned to the ſtate of the twelue Moneths, hee tearmeth it the *Shepheards Kalender*, applying an olde name to a new worke. Hereunto haue I added a certaine Gloſſe or ſcholion, for the expoſition of olde wordes, and harder phraſes; which manner of gloſſing and commenting, well I wotte, will ſeeme ſtrange and rare in our tongue: yet, for ſo much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuiſes, both in words and matter, would paſſe in the ſpeedy courſe of reading, eyther as vnknowne, or as not marked; and that in this kind, as in other wee might bee equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon mee, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintance I was made priue to his counſell and ſecret meaning in them, as alſo in ſundry other works of his. Which albeit I know hee nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendſhippe, himſelfe being for long time farre eſtranged, hoping that this will the rather occaſion him, to put foorth diuers other excellent works of his, which ſleepe in ſilence, as his Dreames, his Legends, his Court of *Cupid*, and ſundry others, whoſe commendation to ſet out, were very vain, the things though worthy of many, yet being knowne to few. Theſe my preſent paines, if to any they bee pleaſurable or profitable, bee you iudge, mine owne Maiſter *Haruey*, to whom I haue both in reſpect of your worthines generally, and otherwiſe vpon ſome particular & ſpeciall conſiderations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himſelfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the noble and

worthy

worthy Gentleman, the right worſhipfull M. *Philip Sidney*, a ſpeciall fauourer and maintainer of all kind of learning. Whoſe cauſe, I pray you ſir, if enuie ſhall ſtir vp any wrongfull accuſation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rare gifts of learning, as you can, and ſhield with your good will, as you ought, againſt the malice and outrage of ſo many enemies, as I know will bee ſet on fire with the ſparkes of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his moſt ſpeciall good friend, and my ſelfe vnto you both, as one making ſingular account of two ſo very good and ſo choyſe friends, I bid you both moſt heartily farewel, & commit you and your commendable ſtudies to the tuition of the greateſt.

Your owne aſſuredly to be commaunded, E. K.

Poſt ſcr.

NOw I truſt, M. *Haruey*, that vpon ſight of your ſpeciall friendes and fellow Poets doings, or elſe for enuie of ſo many worthy *Quidams*, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will bee perſwaded to plucke out of the hatefull darkneſſe, thoſe ſo many excellent Engliſh Poems of yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternall light. Truſt me, you doe them great wrong, in depriuing them of the deſired ſunne, and alſo your ſelfe, in ſmothering your deſerued prayſes, and all men generally, in with-holding from them ſo diuine pleaſures, which they might conceiue of your gallant Engliſh verſes, as they haue already done of your Latine poems, which in my opinion, both for inuention and elocution, are very delicate and ſuperexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good Mr. *Haruey*. From my lodging at *London*, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.

The Generall Argument of the *whole Booke.*

LIttle I hope, needeth me at large to diſcourſe the firſt originall of Eglogues, hauing already touched the ſame. But for the word Eglogues, I know is vnknown to moſt, and alſo miſtaken of ſome the beſt learned (as they thinke) I will ſay ſomewhat therof, being not at all impertinent to my preſent purpoſe.

They were firſt of the Greekes, the inuentors of them, called Aeglogas, as it were, Aegon, or Aeginomen logi, that is Goteheards tales. For although in Virgil and others, the ſpeakers bee more Shepheards, then Goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgil, this ſpecially from that deriuing, as from the firſt head and well-ſpring the whole inuention of theſe Aeglogues, maketh Goatheardes the perſons and Authors of his tales. This being, who ſeeth not the groſeneſſe of ſuch as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue, that they are more rightly tearmed Eclogai, as they would ſay, extraordinarie diſcourſes of vnneceſſary matter: which definition, albeit in ſubſtance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit anſwereth with the Analyſis and interpretation of the word. For they bee not tearmed Eglogæ, Aeglogues: which ſentence this Authour very well obſeruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeed few Goatheards haue to doe herein, neuertheleſſe doubteth not to call them by the vſed and beſt knowne name. Other curious diſcourſes hereof I reſerue to greater occaſion.

Theſe twelue Aeglogues euery where anſwering to the ſeaſons of the twelue Monethes, may bee well diuided into three formes or rankes. For eyther they be Plaintiue, as the firſt, the ſixt, the eleuenth, and the twelfth, or Recreatiue, ſuch as all thoſe bee, which containe matter of loue, or commendation of ſpeciall Perſonages: or Morall, which for the moſt part bee mixed with ſome Satyricall bitterneſſe; namely, the ſecond of reuerence due to olde age, the fift of coloured deceit, the ſeuenth and ninth of diſſolute Shepheards and Paſtors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleaſant wits. And to this diuiſion may euery thing herein bee reaſonably applyed: a few onely except, whoſe ſpeciall purpoſe and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of theſe twelue

Aeglogues

Aeglogues. Now will wee ſpeake particularly of all, and firſt of the firſt, which he calleth by the firſt Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to ſome he may ſeeme fowly to haue faulted, in that hee erroniouſly beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeere. For it is well knowne, and ſtoutely maintained with ſtrong reaſons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March: for then the ſun renueth his finiſhed courſe, and the ſeaſonable Spring refreſheth the earth, and the pleaſaunce thereof being buried in the ſadneſſe of the dead Winter, now worne away, reuiueth.

This opinion maintaine the old Aſtrologers and Philoſophers, namely, the reuerend Andalo, *and* Macrobius, *in his holy dayes of* Saturne: *which account alſo was generally obſerued, both of Grecians and Romans. But ſauing the leaue of ſuch learned heades, wee maintaine a cuſtome of counting the ſeaſons from the Moneth Ianuary, vpon a more ſpeciall cauſe then the heathen Philoſophers euer could conceiue: that is, for the Incarnation of our mighty Sauiour; and eternall Redeemer the Lord Chriſt, who as then renewing the ſtate of the decayed World, and returning the compaſſe of expired yeeres, to their former date, and firſt commencement, left to vs his Heyres a memoriall of his birth, in the end of the laſt yeere, and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beſide that eternall Monument of our Saluation, leaneth alſo vpon good proofe of ſpeciall iudgement.*

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yeere was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Cæſar, *they beganne to tell the Moneths from Marches beginning; and according to the ſame, GOD (as is ſayde in Scripture) commaunded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth* Abib, *that which wee call March, for the firſt Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Land of Aegypt: yet, according to Tradition of latter times it hath beene otherwiſe obſerued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of mightieſt Realmes. For from* Iulius Cæſar, *who firſt obſerued the Leape yeere, which hee called* Biſſextilem Annum, *and brought into a more certaine courſe the odde wandring dayes, which of the Greekes were called* Hyperbainontes, *of the Romanes* Intercalares (*for in ſuch matter of learning I am forced to vſe the tearmes of the Learned*) *the Monethes haue beene numbred twelue, which in the firſt ordinance of* Romulus *were but tenne, counting but* 304. *dayes in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But* Numa Pompilius, *who was the Father of all the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, ſeeing that reckoning to agree neyther with the courſe of the Sunne, nor the Moone, thereunto added two Monethes, Ianuarie and Februarie: wherein it ſeemeth that wiſe King minded vpon good reaſon to beginne the yeare at Ianuarie, of him therefore ſo called* tanquam Ianua anni, *the gate and enterance of the yeere, or of the name of the God* Ianus: *to which God, for that the olde Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the World, it ſeemeth that hee therefore to him aſſigned, the beginning and firſt entrance of the yeere. Which account for the moſt part hath hitherto continued. Notwithſtanding,*

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the beſt Rabbines, and very purpoſe of the Scripture it ſelfe, God made the World in that Moneth, that is called of them Tiſri. *And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feaſt of Pauilions, in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the ſeuenth Moneth, which before that time was the firſt.*

But our Authour, reſpecting neyther the ſubtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fitteſt, according to the ſimplicity of common vnderſtanding, to beginne with Ianuary; weening it perhaps no decorum *that ſhepheards ſhould bee ſeene in matter of ſo deepe inſight, or canuaſe a caſe of ſo doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth hee, and ſo continueth hee throughout.*

Aegloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this firſt Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a ſhepheards boy, complayneth himſelfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it ſeemeth) enamoured of a Countrey Laſſe called *Roſalind*: with which ſtrong affection being verie ſore trauelled, he compareth his carefull caſe to the ſad ſeaſon of the yeere, to the froſty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And laſtly, finding himſelfe robbed of all former pleaſance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and caſteth himſelfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOVT.

A Shepheards boy (no better doe him call)
VVhen winters waſtfull ſpight was almoſt ſpent,
All in a Sunne-ſhine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent,
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the fold,
That now vnnethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the ſheepe, ſuch was the ſhepheards looke,
For pale and wan he was, (alaſſe the while!)
May ſeeme he lou'd, or elſe ſome care he tooke:
VVell couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his ſtile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flocke he led,
And thus him plaind, the while his ſheepe there fed.

Ye gods of loue, that pitty louers paine,
(If any gods the paine of louers pitty:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remayne,
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull ditty.
And PAN thou ſhepheards God, that once did loue,
Pitty the paines, that thou thy ſelfe didſt proue.

Thou barren ground whō winters wrath hath waſted,
Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight:
Whilom thy freſh Spring flowr'd, and after haſted
Thy Sommer proud, with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy winters ſtormy ſtate.
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedſt late.

Such rage as winters, raigneth in my heart,
My life blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:
Such ſtormy ſtoures doe breed my balefull ſmart:
As if my yeeres were waſte, and woxen old,
And yet alaſſe, but now my ſpring be gonne,
And yet alaſſe, it is already donne,

You naked trees, whoſe ſhady leaues are loſt,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are cloath'd with moſſe and hoary froſt,
In ſtead of bloſſoms, wherewith your buds did flowre,
I ſee your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
VVhoſe drops in drerie yſicles remaine.

Alſo

Alſo my luſtfull leafe is drie and ſeare,
My timely buds with wayling all are waſted:
The bloſſome, which my branch of youth did beare,
With breathed ſighes is blowne away and blaſted.
And from mine eyes the drizling teares deſcend,
As on your boughes the yſicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whoſe fleece is rough and rent,
Whoſe knees are weake, through faſt, and evill fare:
Mayſt witneſſe well by thy ill government,
Thy maiſters mind is overcome with care:
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thouſand ſithes I curſe that carefull howre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to ſee:
And eke ten thouſand ſighes I bleſſe the ſtoure,
Wherein I ſaw ſo fayre a ſight as thee.
Yet all for nought: ſuch ſight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue ſhould breed both ioy and paine!

It is not HOBBINOL, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue hee ſeeke with dayly ſute:
His clowniſh gifts and curteſies I diſdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknels, and his carely fruit.
Ah fooliſh HOBBINOL, thy gifts beene vaine:
COLIN them giues to ROSALINDE againe.

I loue thilke Laſſe, (alas, why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I lorne?)
She deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall muſicke holdeth ſcorne.
Shepheards deviſe ſhe hateth as the ſnake, (make
And laughs the ſongs, that COLIN CLOVT doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude PAN thou pleaſe.
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would,
And thou vnluckie Muſe, that woontſt to eaſe
My muſing mind, yet canſt not, when thou ſhould;
Both Pipe and Muſe, ſhall ſore the while abie.
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that the welked PHOEBVS gan avayle
His weame waine, and now the froſty NIGHT
Her mantle blacke through heaven gan overhayle.
Which ſeen, the penſiue boy halfe in deſpight
Aroſe, and homeward droue his ſunny ſheepe,
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeem his careful caſe to weep

Colins Embleme.

Anchora ſpeme,

GLOSSE.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatly vſed, and yet haue I ſeene a Poeſie of M. *Skeltons*, vnder that title. But indeed the word *Colin* is French, and vſed of the French Poet *Marot* (if he be worthy the name of a Poet) in a certaine Eeglogue. Vnder which name this Poet ſecretly ſhadoweth himſelfe, as ſomtime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tytirus*, thinking it much fitter then ſuch Latine names, for the great vnlikelyhood of the language.

Vnnethes, ſcarcely.

Couth, commeth of the Verbe *Conne*, that is to know, or to haue skill. As well interpreteth the ſame, the worthy Sir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernement: whereof I haue a perfect Copy in writing, lent me by his kinſman, and my very ſingular good friend M. *Gabriel Harney*, as alſo of ſome other his moſt graue and excellent writings.

Sith, time. *Neighbour-towne*, the next towne: expreſſing the Latine, *Vicinia*.

Stoure, a fit. *Seare*, withered.

His clowniſh gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verſe:

Ruſticus es Coridon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol is a fained Country name, wherby it being ſo common and vſuall, ſeemeth to be hidden the perſon of ſome his very ſpecial & moſt familiar friend, whom hee intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peraduenture ſhall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place ſeemeth to be ſome ſauour of diſorderly loue. which the learned call *Paderaſtice*: but it is gathered beſide his meaning. For who that hath

read

reade *Plato* his Dialogue, called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* and *Maximus Tyrius*, of *Socrates* opinions, may eafily perceyue, that fuch loue is to be allowed and liked of, fpecially fo meant, as *Socrates* vfed it: who fayth, that indeed he loued *Alcybiades* extreamly; yet not *Alcybiades* perſon, but his foule, which is *Alcybiades* owne ſelfe. And ſo is *Pederaſtice* much to be preferred before *Gyneraſtice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with luſt toward womankind. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I ſtand with *Lucian*, or his diueliſh diſciple *Unico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible ſinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleſhlineſſe. Whoſe abhominable errour is fully confuted of *Perionius* and others.

I loue: a prety Epanorthoſis in theſe two verſes, and withall, a Paronomaſia, or playing with the word, where he ſayth, *I loue thilke Laſſe, alaſſe, &c.*

Roſalinde, is alſo a fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his loue and Miſtreſſe, whom by that name hee coloureth. So as *Ouid* ſhadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corinna*, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Auguſtus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: ſo doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Lady *Aſteris* & *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witneſſeth *Statius* in his *Epithalmium*. And ſo the famous paragon of Italy, *Madonna Cœlia*, in her letters, enueloperh her ſelfe vnder the name of *Zima* and *Petrona*, vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath beene a common cuſtom of counterfeiting the names of ſecret perſonages.

Auaile, bring downe.

Ouer-hayle, draw ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Poſie is heere vnder added in Italian, *Anchora ſpeme*: the meaning whereof is, that notwithſtanding his extreame paſſion and luckleſſe loue, yet leaning on hope, he is ſomewhat recomforted.

Aegloga secunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially contayneth a discourse of old age, in the person of *Thenot*, an old shepheard, who for his crookednesse and vnlustfulnesse, is scorned of *Cuddie*, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the season of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of yeere; so then our bodies, there is a drie and withering cold which congealeth the crudled bloud, & freezeth the weather-beaten flesh, with storms of fortune and hoare frostes of care. To which purpose, the old mã telleth a tale of the Oake & the Breere, so liuely, and so feelingly, as if the thing were set forth in some picture before our eyes, more plainely could not appeare.

CVDDY.

AH for pitty, will ranke winters rage
These bitter blasts neuer gin t'asswage?
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through my body gride.
My ragged ronts all shiuer and shake,
As done high towers in an earthe-quake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tayles
Pearke as a Peacocke, but now it auailes.

THENOT.

Lewdly complainest, thou lasie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee sad.
Must not the world wend in his common course,
From good to bad, and from bad to worse,
From worse, vnto that is worst of all:
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not suffer the stormy time,
Where will he liue till the lusty prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirty yeares,

THENOT.

Some in much ioy, many in many teares,
Yet neuer complained of colde nor heate,
Of Summers flame, nor of winters threate:
Ne neuer was to fortune foe-man,
But gently tooke, that vngently came,
And euer my flocke was my chiefe care,
Winter or summer they mought well fare.

CVDDY.

No maruell THENOT, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathfull cheare,
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie:
And as the lowring weather lookes downe,
So seemest thou like good-Friday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My ship vnwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That

That once sea-bet, will to sea againe.
So loytering liue you little-heard-groomes,
Keeping your beasts in the budded broome.
And when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen the Spring is come at once.
Tho gin you, fond flies, the cold to scorne:
And crowing in Pipes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare:
But eft, when yee count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinkles and frosty furrowes:
Drerely shooting his stormie dart,
Which cruddles the blood, and prickes the heart.
Then is your careleſſe courage accoyed,
Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your surquedrie
With weeping, and wayling, and misery.

CVDDY.

Ah foolish old man, I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me, my springing youth to spill.
I deeme thy braine emperished be,
Through rusty eld, that hath rotted thee:
Or siker thy head very tottie is:
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hath loſt both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldeſt croppe:
But were thy yeeres greene, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of loue,
And hery with hymnes thy Lasses gloue.
Tho wouldest thou pipe of PHILLIS prayse:
But PHILLIS is mine for many dayes.
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Embost with bugle about the belt.
Such an one Shepheards would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a son, of thy loue to boſt,
All that is lent to loue will be loſt.

CVDDY.

Seeſt, how brag yond Bullocke beares,
So smirke, so smooth, his pricked eares?
His hornes been as brade, as rainebow bent,
His dew-lap as lithe, as Lasse of Kent.
See how hee venteth into the winde,
Weeneſt of loue is not his mind?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
So luſtleſſe been they, so weake, so wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoary with froſt,
Thy flockes father his courage hath loſt.
Thy Ewes that wont to haue blowne bagges,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags.
The rather Lambes been starued with cold,
All for their maiſter is luſtleſſe and old.

THENOT,

CVDDY, I wot thou kenſt little good,
So vainely to advance thy headleſſe hood.
For youth is a bubble blown vp with breath,
Whoſe wit is weakneſſe, whoſe wage is death,
Whoſe way is wilderneſſe, whoſe Inne Pennance,
And stoope gallant Age, the hoſt of Greenance.
But shall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of TYTERVS in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent.

CVDDY.

To nought more THENOT, my mind is bent,
Then to heare novels of his deuiſe:
They been so well thewed, and so wiſe,
What ever that good old man beſpake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of loue, and some of chiualrie,
But none fitter then this to apply,
Now liſten a while, and harken the end.

THere grew an aged tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it beene:
With armes full strong and largely diſplayde,
But of their leaues they were diſarayed:
The body bigge and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
Whilom had been the King of the field,
And mochell maſt to the husband did yeeld,
And with his nuts larded many swine.
But now the gray moſſe marred his rine.
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His top was bald, and waſted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his branches ſere.
Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thruſt into th'element,
And seemed to threat the firmament.
It was embelliſht with bloſſomes fayre:
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters to gather flowers,
To paint their Girlonds with his colours.
And in his small buſhes vſed to shrowde
The sweet Nightingale singing so lowde:
Which made this fooliſh Breere wexe so bold,
That on a time he caſt him to scold,
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.
Why standſt there (quoth he) thou brutiſh blocke?
Nor for fruit, nor for shadow serues thy stocke:
Seeſt how freth my flowres beene spred,
Died in Lilly white, and Crimsin red,
With leaues engrained in luſty greene,
Colours meet to cloath a mayden Queene.
Thy waſte bigneſſe but cumbers the ground,
And dirkes the beauty of my bloſſoms round.
The mouldie moſſe which thee accloyeth,
My Cinnamon smell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue,
Leſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure proue.
So spake this bold Breere with great diſdayne:
Little him answered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with shame and griefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouercrowed.
It chanced after vpon a day,
The husbandmans selfe to come that way,
Of custom to suruiew his ground,
And his trees of state in compaſſe round.
Hun when the spightfull Breere had eſpied,
Cauſleſſe complained, and lowdly cride,

Vnto his Lord, ſtirring vp ſterne ſtrife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your ſuppliants plaint,
Cauſed of wrong and cruell complaint,
Which I your poore vaſſall dayly endure:
And but your goodneſſe the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate dole to dye,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly agaſt with this pittious plea,
Him reſted the good-man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plant proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud (weede,
(As moſt vſen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my ſoueraign, Lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tal,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the Primroſe of all thy land.
With flowring bloſſoms to furniſh the (prime
And ſcarlet berries in ſummer time? (wide
How fals it then, that this faded Oake,
Whoſe body is ſere, whoſe branches broke:
Whoſe naked armes ſtretch vnto the fire,
Vnto ſuch tyranny doth aſpire,
Hindring with his ſhade my louely light,
And robbing me of the ſweet ſunnes ſight?
So beat his old boughes my tender ſide,
That oft the bloud ſpringeth from wounds
Vntimely my flowers forced to fall, (wide
That been the honour of your Coronall.
And oft he lets his canker worms light
Vpon my branches, to work me more ſpight
And oft his hoary locks down doth caſt,
Wherewith my freſh florets been defaſt.
For this and many more ſuch outrage,
Crauing your godlyhead to aſſwage
The rancorous rigour of his might.
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good ſufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this this Oake, caſt him to reply,
Well as he couth, but his enemy
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man nould ſtay his leaſure:
But home him haſted with furious heate.
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threate,
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand)
And to the field anon he ſpeedeth.
(Aye little helpe to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him ſpeake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might cooled be,
But to the root bent his ſturdy ſtroake,
And made many wounds in the waſte oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the ſenſeleſſe iron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.
For it had beene an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a myſteree,
And often croſt with the Prieſts crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dewe:
But ſike fanſies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miſery.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay,
The blocke oft groned vnder the blow,
And ſighed to ſee his neere ouerthrow.
In fine, the ſteele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the ground, he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth ſhrunke vnder him, and ſeemed to ſhake.
There lyeth the Oake pittyed of none.
Now ſtands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleaſance:
But all this glee had no continuance,
For eftſoones Winter gan to approach,
The bluſtering Boreas did encroch,
And beat vpon the ſolitary Breere:
For now no ſuccour was him neere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and diſconſolate.
The biting froſt nipt his ſtalke dead,
The wattrie wet weighed downe his head,
And heaped ſnow burdned him ſo ſore,
That now vpright he can ſtand no more:
And being downe is trod in the durt,
Of cattell, and brouzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
Fot ſcorning Eld.

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale and little worth,
So long haue I liſtned to thy ſpeech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech:
My hart blood is well nie frorne I feele,
And my galage growne faſt to my heele:
But little eaſe of thy lewd tale I taſted,
Hie thee home ſhepheard, the day is nie waſted.

Theots Embleme.

Iddio perche e vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio.

Cuddies Embleme.

Niuno vecchio,
Spauenta Iddio.

CLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Keene, ſharpe.

Gride, pierced: an olde word much vſed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowe of) in *Chaucer*.

Ronts, young Bullockes.

Wracke ruine or violence, whence commeth ſhipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his Aeglogues.

The ſouereigne of Seas, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The ſaying is borrowed of *Minus Publianus*, which vſed this prouerbe in a verſe:

Improbè Neptunum accuſat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgroomes, *Chaucers* verſe almoſt whole.

Fond flies, He compareth careleſſe ſluggards, or ill husbandmen to flyes, that ſo ſoone as the Sun ſhineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad when ſuddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

But eft when: a very excellent and liuely deſcription of Winter, ſo as may bee indifferently taken, eyther for old age, or for winter ſeaſon.

Breme, Chill, bitter. *Chamfred*, chapt or wrinckled.

Accoyed, plucked downe and daunted. *Surquedrie*, pride.

Eld, old age. *Siker*, ſure. *Tottie*, wauering.

Corbe, crooked. *Herie*, worſhip.

Phyllis, the name of ſome mayd vnknown, whom *Cuddie* (whoſe perſon is ſecret) loued. The name is vſuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuane*.

Belte, a girdle, or waſte band. *Aſon*, a foole. *Lythe*, ſoft and gentle.

Venteth, ſnuffeth in the wind. *Thy flockes father*, the ram. *Crags*, necks.

Rather Lambes, that be ewed earely in the beginning of the yeere.

Touth is, a very morall and pithy Allegory of youth, and the luſts thereof, compared to a weary wayfaring man.

Tytirus, I ſuppoſe he meanes *Chaucer*, whoſe prayſe for pleaſant tales cannot die, ſo long as the memorie of his name ſhall liue, and the name of Poetry ſhall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wiſeneſſe.

There grew. This tale of the Oake and the Breere, hee telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Eſops* fables. It is very excellent for pleaſant deſcriptions, being altogether a certaine Icon or Hypotypoſis of diſdainefull yongers. *Embelliſht*, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent. *Sneb*, checke.

Why ſtandſt, the ſpeech is ſcornefull and very preſumptuous.

Engrained, dyed in graine.

Aecloyeth, accumbreth. *Adawed*, daunted and confounded.

Trees of ſtate, taller trees, fit for timber wood. *Sterne*, *ſtrife*, ſayd *Chaucer*. ſ. fell and ſturdie. *O my liege*, a manner of ſupplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and ſpeech of ambitious men.

Coronall, garland. *Flowrets*, young bloſſoms.

The Primroſe, the chiefe and worthieſt.

Naked armes, metaphorically meant of the bare boughes, ſpoyled of leaues. This colourably he ſpeaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

The bloud, ſpoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and

(as they say) *Kat' exochen.*

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically, for withered leaues.

Hent, caught. *Nould*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore.

Wounds gashes. *Enaunter*, least that.

The Priests crew, holy-water pot, wherwith the Popish Priests vsed to sprinckle, & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindnesse was in those times: which the Poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

The blocke oft groaned: a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as Virgil also sayth: *Saxa gemunt grauido, &c.*

Boreas, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, Cheare and iollity.

For scorning eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made ryme to the former verse.

Galoge, a startup, or clownish shooe.

Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namely, that God, which is himselfe most aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeares vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so blesse. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fulnes of yeers, and some also waxe old in misery and thraldom, yet therfore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeers is added, that they may in their last dayes repent, and come to their first home: So the olde man checketh the raw headed boy, for despising his gray and frosty hayres.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuffe with a biting and bitter Prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first, in contempt of old age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: for that being ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no storms of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as being eyther by long and ripe wisedom armed against all mischances and aduersities, or with much trouble hardned against all troublesome tides. Like vnto the Ape, of which is said in Aesops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore agast, and dismaid at the grimnesse and austerity of his countenance; but at last, being acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that hee would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men security. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great Clarke, and good old Father, more fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe; That by the Prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all: but that they be farre from superstition & idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.

March.

Aegloga tertia.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue, two ſhepheards boyes, taking occaſion of the ſeaſon, beginne to make purpoſe of loue and other pleaſance, which to Spring-time is moſt agreeable. The ſpeciall meaning hereof, is to giue certaine markes and tokens, to know *Cupid*, the Poets God of Loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the perſon of *Thomalin*, is meant ſome ſecret friend, who ſcorned loue and his Knights ſo long, till at length himſelfe was entangled, and vnawares wounded with the dart of ſome beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, why ſitten wee ſo,
As weren ouerwent with woe:
Vpon ſo fayre a morrow?
The ioyous time now nigheth faſt,
That ſhall aligge this bitter blaſt,
And ſlake the Winter ſorrow.

THOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warneſt well:
For winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſant Spring appeareth.
The graſſe now gins to be refreſht:
The Swallow peepes out of her neſt,
And cloudie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seeſt not thilke ſame Hawthorne ſtudde
How bragly it beginnes to bud,
And vtter his tender head?
FLORA now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready MAIAS bower,

THOMALIN.

That now is vpriſt from bed.
Tho ſhall we ſporten in deſight,
And learn with LETTICE to wexe light,
That ſcornfully lookes askaunce:
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That now ſleepeth in LETHE Lake,
And pray him leaden out daunce.

THOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou bee aſſot:
For luſty loue ſtill ſleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenſt thou that he is awoke?
Or haſt thy ſelfe his ſlumber broke?
Or made priuie to the ſame.

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him eſpide,
Where in a buſh he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And

And were not that my sheepe would stray,
The priuie markes I would bewray,
Wherby by chaunce I him knew.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye:
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a fire,
A stepdame eke as hote as fire,
That duly a dayes countes mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheep for that may chance to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morrow,
That I chanst to fal a sleepe with sorrow.
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappy Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Mought her necke been iointed attones.
She should haue need no more spell.
Th'elfe was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLY.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs what thou hast seene?

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holy day, (play,
When shepheards groomes han leaue to
I cast to goe a shooting:
Long wandring vp and down the land,
With bow and bolts in eyther hand,
For birds in bushes tooting,
At length within the Ivie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if any thing did rush:
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mouing of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it Faery, feend or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.
With that sprang forth a naked swaine,
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine
And laughing lope to a tree,
His gilden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bow which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at me,
That seeing I leueld againe.
And shot at him with might and maine,
As thicke as it had hayled.
So long I shot, that all was spent,
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw: but nought auayled.
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith afraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore encreased,
And now it ranckleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, I pitty thy plight,
Perdy with loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my Father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had set.
That in our Peare-tree haunted:
Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,
But bow and shafts as then none had:
Else had he sore be daunted.
But see, the Welkin thickes apace,
And stouping PHOEBVS steeps his face,
Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

To bee wise, and eke to loue,
Is granted scarse to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of honie and of gaul, in loue there is store.
The hony is much, but the gaul is more.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue ſeemeth ſomewhat to reſemble that ſame of *Theocritus*, wherin the boy likewiſe telling the old man, that he had ſhotte at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of mischiefe to come.

Ouerwent, ouergone. *Alegg*, to leſſen or aſſwage.

To quell, to abate. *Welkin*, the skie.

The Swallow, which bird vſeth to be counted the meſſenger, and as it were the fore-runner of the Spring.

Flora, the goddeſſe of flowers, but indeed (as ſaith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuſe of her body hauing gotten great riches made the people of Rome her heyre: who in remembrance of ſo great beneficence, appointed a yearely feaſt for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as ſhe was, nor as ſome do thinke, *Andronicha*, but *Flora*, making her the goddeſſe of all flowers, and dooing yeerely to her ſolemne ſacrifice.

Maias bower, that is, the pleaſant field, or rather the May buſhes. *Maia* is a Goddeſſe, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in whom the moneth of May is of her name ſo called, as ſayth *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of ſome Country Laſſe.

Aſcaunce, askew, or ſquint. *For thy*, therefore.

Lethe, is a Lake in hell, which the Poets call the lake of forgetfulneſſe; (For *Lethe* ſignifieth forgetfulneſſe) wherein the ſoules being dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by ſleeping in *Lethe* lake, hee meaneth he was almoſt forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reaſon of Winters hardineſſe, when all pleaſures, as it were, ſleepe, and weare out of mind.

Aſſotte, to dote.

His ſlumber: to breake Loues ſlumber, to exerciſe the delights of loue and wanton pleaſures.

Wings of purple, ſo is he fayned of the Poets.

For als, he imitateth *Virgils* verſe:

Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt iniuſta nouerca, &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verſe or charme, that in elder times they vſed often to ſay, ouer euery thing that they would haue preſerued: as the night-ſpell for theeues, & the wood-ſpell. And herehence, I thinke, is named the Goſpell or word. And ſo ſayth *Chaucer*, Liſten Lordings to my ſpell.

Gang, goe. *An Iuie todde*, a thicke buſh.

Swaine, a boy: For ſo is he deſcribed of the Poets, to bee a boy. ſ. alwayes freſh and luſty, blindfolded, becauſe he maketh no difference of perſonages, with diuers coloured wings, ſ. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beauty, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is ſayde alſo to haue ſhaftes, ſome leaden, ſome golden: that is, both pleaſure for the gracious and loued, and ſorrow for the loue that is diſdayned or forſaken. But who liſt more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him read eyther *Propertius*, or *Moſchus* his *Idyllien* of winged loue, beeing now moſt excellently tranſlated into Latine, by the ſingular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue ſeene amongſt other of this Poets doings, very well tranſlated into Engliſh rimes.

Wimble and wight, quicke and deliuer.

In

Latched, caught.

In the heele, is very poetically ſpoken, and not without ſpeciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer*, it is ſayd of *Thetis*, that ſhe tooke her yong babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The vertue wherof is, to defend & keep the bodyes waſhed therin, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* being waſhed all ouer ſaue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the reſt invulnerable: therfore by *Paris* was fained to bee ſhot with a poyſoned arrow in the heele, while he was buſie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which myſticall fable *Euſtathius* vnfolding, ſaith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant luſtfull loue. For from the heele (as ſay the beſt Phyſitions) to the priuie parts, there paſſe certaine veines and ſlender ſinewes, as alſo the like come from the head, and are carried like litle pipes behind the eares ſo that (as ſayth *Hipocrates*) if thoſe veines there be cut aſunder, the party ſtraight becommeth cold and vnfruitfull. Which reaſon our Poet well weighing, maketh this ſhepheards boy of purpoſe to be wounded in the heele.

Wroken, reuenged.

For once. In this tale is ſet out the ſimplicity of ſhepheards opinion of loue.

Stouping Phœbus, is a Paraphraſis of the ſunne ſetting.

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherin wanton youth walloweth, bee but folly mixt with bitterneſſe, and ſorrow ſauced with repentance. For beſides that the very affection of Loue it ſelfe tormenteth the mind, and vexeth the body many wayes, with vneſtfulneſſe all night, and wearineſſe all day, ſeeking for that wee cannot haue, and finding that we would not haue, euen the ſelf things which beſt before vs liked, in courſe of time, and change of riper yeeres, which alſo there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantaſies, will then ſeem lothſome, and breed vs annoiance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits anſwere not to ſuch vaine iollity and luſtfull pleaſance.

APRIL.

Aegloga quinta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aelogue is purpoſely intended to the honor and prayſe of our moſt gratious Soueraigne Queene *Elizabeth*. The Speakers hereof bee *Hobbinol* and *Thenot*, two ſhepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* being before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere ſet forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great miſaduenture in loue, whereby his minde was alienated, and withdrawne not onely from him, who moſt loued him, but alſo from all former delights and ſtudies, as well in pleaſant piping, as cunning riming and ſinging, and other his laudable exerciſes, Whereby hee taketh occaſion, for proofe of his more excellency and skill in Poetry, to record a ſong, which the ſayd *Colin* ſometime made in honour of her Maieſty, whom abruptly he tearmeth *Eliſa*.

THENOT.

TEll me good HOBBINOL, what gars thee greet?
What? hath ſome Wolfe thy tender lambs ytorn?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke that ſounds ſo ſweet?
Or art thou of thy loued Laſſe forlorne?

Or been thine eyes attempred to the yeere,
Quenching the gaſping furrowes thirſt with raine?
Like Aprill ſhower, ſo ſtreames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirſty paine.

HOBBINOL.

Nor this, nor that, ſo much doth make me mourne,
But for the lad, whom long I loued ſo deare,
Now loues a Laſſe, that all his loue doth ſcorne:
He plung'd in paine, his treſſed lockes doth teare.

HOBBINOL.

Shepheards delights he doth them all forſweare.
His pleaſant pipe, which makes vs merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted ſongs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you ſo lament?
Is loue ſuch pinching paine, to them that proue?
And hath he skill to make ſo excellent,
Yet hath ſo little skill to bridle loue.

HOBBINOL.

COLIN thou kenſt the Southern ſhepheards boy,
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilom on him was all my care and ioy,
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

Bue

But now from me his madding mind is ſtart,
And woes the widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now fayre ROSALINDE hath bred his ſmart,
So now his friend is changed for a frend.

THENOT.

But if his ditties be ſo trimly dight,
I pray thee HOBBINOL, record ſome one,
The whiles our flockes doe graze about in ſight,
And we cloſe ſhrowded in this ſhade alone.

HOBBINOL.

Contented I: then will I ſing his lay,
Of faire ELISA, Queen of ſhepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a ſpring he lay,
And turned it into the waters fall.

YE dainty Nymphs, that in this bleſſed brooke,
do bathe your breſt,
Forſake your watry bowres, and hither looke
at my requeſt.
And eke you virgins that on Parnaſſe dwel,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well:
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy prayſe,
Which in her ſexe doth all excell.

Of fayre ELISA be your ſilver ſong,
that bleſſed wight:
The flowre of virgins, may ſhe flouriſh long
in princely plight.
For ſhe is SYRINX daughter without ſpot:
Which PAN the ſhepheards God of her begot:
So ſprung her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemiſh may her blot.

See where ſhee ſits vpon the graſſie greene,
(O ſeemely ſight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a Mayden Queene,
and Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Crimoſin Coronet,
With damaske Roſes, and Daffadillies ſet:
Bay-leaues between,
And Primroſes greene,
Imbelliſh the white Violet.

Tell me, haue you ſeen her Angel-like face,
like PHOEBE fayre?
Her heauenly behauiour, her princely grace
can you well compare?
The Red-roſe medled with the white yfere,
In either checke depeincten liuely cheere:
Her modeſt eye,
Her Maieſty,
Where haue you ſeen the like but there?

I ſaw PHOEBVS thruſt out his golden head,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he ſaw, how broad her beams did
it did him amaze.
He blusht to ſee another Sunne below,
Ne durſt again his fierie face out-ſhowe:
Let him if he dare,
His brightneſſe compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrow.

Shew thy ſelfe CYNTHIA, with thy ſiluer rayes,
and be not abaſht:
When ſhe the beams of her beauty diſplayes
O how art thou daſht?
But I will not match her with LATONAES ſeede,
Such folly, great ſorrow to NIOBE did breed
Now ſhe is a ſtone,
And makes dayly mone,
Warning all other to take heed.

PAN may be proud that euer he begot,
ſuch a Bellibone,
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare ſuch an one.
Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:
She is my Goddeſſe plaine,
And I her ſhepheards ſwaine,
Albe forſwonke and forſwat I am.

I ſee CALIOPE ſpeed her to the place,
where my Goddeſſe ſhines:
And after her the other Muſes trace
with their Violines.
Been they not Bay-branches, which they do beare,
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?
So ſweetly they play:
And ſing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot,
to the Inſtrument:
They daunce deffly, and ſinge ſoote,
in their merriment.
Wants not a fourth grace, to make the dance even:
Let that rowm to my Lady be yeuen.
She ſhall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the reſt in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a row?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
CHLORIS, that is the chiefeſt Nymph of al
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:
Oliues been for peace,
When warres doe ſurceaſe:
Such for a Princeſſe beene principall.

Ye ſhepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that virgins been,
to adorne her Grace.
And when you come, wheras ſhe is in place,
See, that your rudenes do not you diſgrace:
Bind your fillets faſt,

And

And gird in your waſte,
For more fineneſſe with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Collumbine,
with Gilliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and ſops in wine,
worne of Paramours.
Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowſlips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The prettie Pawnce,
And the Cheuiſaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

Now riſe vp ELIZA, decked as thou art,
in royall ray:
And now yee dainty Damſels may depart
each one hir way.
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame ELIZA thanke you for her ſong.
And if you come hither,
When Damſins I gather,
I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilke ſame ſong of COLINS owne making?
Ah fooliſh boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pitty is, he be in ſuch taking,
For naught caren, that been ſo lewdly bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Siker I hold him for a greater fon,
That loues the thing he cannot purchaſe.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twinckling ſtarres the daylight hence chaſe.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo!

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certe.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greet, cauſeth thee weepe and complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forſaken.

Attempered to the yeere, agreeable to the ſeaſon of the yeere, that is Aprill, which moneth is moſt bent to ſhowers and ſeaſonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, cauſed through drineſſe of March winds.

The Lad, Colin Clout. *The Laſſe*, Roſalinda. *Treſſed lockes*, withered and curled.

Is he for a Lad? A ſtrange manner of ſpeaking, ſ. what manner of lad is he?

To make, to rime and verſifie. For in this word, making, our old Engliſh Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke word *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenſt, knoweſt. Seemeth hereby that Colin pertayneth to ſome Southerne Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; becauſe he ſo often nameth the Kentiſh downes: and before, *As lithe*, as laſſe of Kent.

The widdowes. He calleth *Roſalind* the widowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather ſayd to color and conceale the perſon, then ſimply ſpoken. For it is well knowne, euen in ſpight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that ſhe is a gentlewoman of no meane houſe, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature & maners: but ſuch indeed, as need neither *Colin* be aſhamed to haue her made knowne by his verſes, nor *Hobbinol* bee grieued that ſo ſhee ſhould bee commended to immortality for her rare and ſingular vertues: Specially deſeruing it no leſſe, then eyther *Myrto* the moſt excellent Poet *Theocritus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddeſſe, or *Himera*, the worthy Poet *Steſichorus* his Idol: vpon whom he is ſayd ſo much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellency, hee ſcorned and wrote againſt the beauty of *Helena*. For which his preſumptuous and vnheedy hardines, he is ſayd by vengeance of the gods, (thereat being offended) to haue loſt both his eyes.

Frenne, a ſtranger. The word I thinke was firſt poetically put, and afterward vſed in common cuſtome of ſpeech for forrenne.

Dight, adorned. *Lay*, a ſong, as Roundelayes. or Virelayes,

In all this ſong, is not to be reſpected what the worthineſſe of her Maieſty deſerueth, nor what to the Highnes of a Prince is agreeable, but what is moſt comely for the meanneſſe of a ſhepheards wit, or to conceyue, or to vtter. And therfore he calleth her *Eliſa*, as through rudeneſſe tripping in her name: and a ſhepheardes daughter; it being very vnfit, that a ſhepheards boy, brought vp in the ſheepefold, ſhould know, or euer ſeeme to haue heard of a Queenes royalty,

Yee daintie, is as it were an *Exordium ad præparandos animos*.

Virgins, the nine Muſes, daughters of *Apollo*, and *Memorie*, whoſe abode the Poets faine to bee on Parnaſſus, a hill in Greece, for that in that Country ſpecially flouriſhed the honour of all excellent ſtudies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foot of Parnaſſus, and alſo of a mountaine in Boætia, out of the which floweth the famous ſpring Caſtalius, dedicate alſo to the Muſes: of which ſpring it is ſayd, that when Pegaſus the winged horſe of Perſeus (whereby is meant fame, and flying renowme) ſtrooke the ground with his hoofe, ſuddenly thereout ſprang a well of moſt cleare and pleaſant water, which from thence was conſecrate to the Muſes and Ladies of learning.

Your ſiluer ſong, ſeemeth to imitate the like in Heſyodus *argurion melos*.

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymph of Arcadia, whom when Pan being in loue, purſued, ſhee flying from him, of the Gods was turned into a reed. So that Pan catching at the reedes, in ſtead of the Damoſell, and puffing hard, (for he was almoſt out of wind) with his breath made the reedes to pipe; which he ſeeing, tooke of them and in remembrance of his loſt loue, made him a pipe thereof. But heere by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thought, that the ſhepheards plainely meant thoſe poeticall Gods: but rather ſuppoſing (as ſeemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine & immortall (ſo as the Panyms were wont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to Homers ſaying;

Thnumos de megas eſti diotrepheos baſileus,
Time d' ek dios eſti, phileis de emetieta Zeu,)

could deuiſe no parents in his iudgement ſo worthy for her, as Pan the ſhepheards God, and his beſt beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is here meant the moſt famous and victorious King, her highneſſe father late of worthie memorie, King *Henrie* the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as hereafter appeareth) be noted Kinges and mighty potentates: And in ſome place, Chriſt himſelfe, who is the very Pan and God of ſhepheards.

Crimoſin Coronet: hee deuiſeth her crowne to bee of the fineſt and moſt delicate flower, in ſtead of pearles and precious ſtones, wherewith Princes Diademes vſe to be adorned and emboſt.

Embelliſht, beautified and ſet out. *Phebe*, the Moone, whom the Poets faigne to bee ſiſter vnto *Phœbus*, that is the Sunne. *Medled*, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redderoſe and the White, is meant the vniting of the two principall houſes of Lancaſter and Yorke: by whoſe long diſcord and deadly debate; this realme many yeares was ſore trauailed, and almoſt cleane decayed: till the famous Henry the ſeauenth, of the line of Lancaſter, taking to wife the moſt vertuous princeſſe Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the houſe of Yorke, begat the moſt royall Henry the eight aforeſayd, in whom was the firſt vnion of the White roſe, and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muſes: to whom they aſſigne the honour of all Poeticall inuention, and the firſt glory of the Heroicall verſe. Other ſay, that ſhee is the Goddeſſe of Rhetorick: but by Virgil it is manifeſt, that they miſtake the thing. For there

there is in his Epigrams, that Art ſeemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, ſaying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia geſtu.

Which ſeemeth ſpecially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both ſpeciall parts of Rhetoricke: beſide that her name, which (as ſome conſtrue it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which cal her Polymnia, or Polyhimnia, of her good ſinging.

Bay branches, be the ſigne of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worne in their triumphes; and eke of famous Poets, as ſayth Petrarch in his Sonets.

Arbor vittorioſa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.

The Graces, be three ſiſters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (whoſe names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphroſine*: and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Paſithea*) otherwiſe called *Charites*, that is, thankes. Whom the Poets fained to bee goddeſſes of all beauty, & comlineſſe; which therefore (as ſayth *Theodontius*) they make three, to weet, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receyue benefites at other mens hands curteouſly: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: which are three ſundry actions in liberality. And *Boccace* ſayth, that they be painted naked (as they were indeed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæſar) the one hauing her back towards vs, and her face fromward, as proceeding from vs: the other two toward vs: noting double thanke to be due for the benefit we haue done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, ſweet. *Meriment*, mirth.

Beuie. A beuie of Ladies, is ſpoken figuratiuely for a companie or troupe, the tearme is taken of Larkes. For they ſay a beuie of Larkes, euen as a couey of Partriges, or an eye of Pheſants.

Ladyes of the lake, be Nymphes. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery ſpring and fountaine was a goddeſſe the Soueraigne. Which opinion ſtucke in the minds of men not many yeares ſince, by meanes of certain fine fablers, and loud lyers, ſuch as were the authors of King Arthur the great, and ſuch like, who tel many an vnlawful leaſing of the ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphs. For the word Nymph in Greeke, ſignifieth well-water; or otherwiſe, a Spouſe or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and ſignifieth greenneſſe: of whom is ſaide, that Zephyrus the weſterne wind being in loue with her, and coueting her to wife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and ſoueraignty of all flowers, and green hearbs, growing on the earth.

Oliues beene. The Oliue was wont to be the Enſign of peace and quietnes, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, & ſo carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or elſe, for that the Oliue tree, they ſay, will not grow neare the Firre tree, which is dedicated to Mars the God of battell, and vſed moſt for ſpeares and other inſtruments of warre. Whereupon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerua ſtroue for the naming of the City of Athens, Neptune ſtriking the ground with his Mace, cauſed a horſe to come forth, that importeth war; but at Mineruaes ſtroke, ſprung out an Oliue, to note that it ſhould be a Nurſe of learning, & ſuch peaceable ſtudies.

Bindyour, ſpoken rudely, and according to ſhepheards ſimplicitie.

Bring: al theſe be names of flowers. Sops in wine; a flower in colour much like to

a Carnation, but differing in ſmell and quantity. Flowre delice, that which they vſe to miſtearme, flowre deluce, being in Latine called *Flos deliciarum.*

A bellibone, or a Bonnibell, homely ſpoken for a fayre mayde, or bonnilaſſe.

For ſwonke, and for ſwat, ouer-laboured and ſunne-burnt.

I ſaw Phœbus, the Sunne. A ſenſible narration, and a preſent view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Paraouſia.*

Cynthia, the Moone, ſo called of *Cinthus* a hill, where ſhe was honoured.

Latonaes ſeed, was *Apollo* and *Diana.* Whom when as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* ſcorned, in reſpect of the noble fruit of her wombe, namely, her ſeauen ſonnes, and ſo many daughters, *Latona* being therewith diſpleaſed, commaunded her ſon *Phœbus* to ſlay all the ſonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: whereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* being ſore diſmayed, and lamenting out of meaſure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a ſtone, vpon the ſepulchre of her children: for which cauſe the Shepheard ſayth, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

Now riſe, is the concluſion. For hauing ſo decked her with prayſes and compariſons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour, to the excellency of her Maieſty.

When Damſius, A baſe reward of a clowniſh giuer.

Yblent, Y is a Poeticall addition, blent, blended.

Embleme.

This Poeſie is taken out of *Virgill*, and there of himſelfe vſed in the perſon of *Aeneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likeneſſe of one of *Dianaes* damoſels, beeing there moſt diuinely ſet foorth. To which ſimilitude of diuinity, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellency of *Eliſa*, and being through the worthineſſe of *Colins* ſong, as it were, ouercome with the hugeneſſe of his imagination, burſteth out in great admiration (*O quàm te memorem virgo!*) being otherwiſe vnable, then by ſudden ſilence, to expreſſe the worthineſſe of his conceit. Whom *Thenot* anſwereth with another part of the like verſe, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Eliſa* is no whit inferiour to the Maieſty of her, of whom the Poet ſo boldly pronounced, *O deaceritè.*

MAY.

Aegloga quinta.

ARGVMENT.

IN this fift Aeglogue, vnder the perſon of two ſhepheards, *Piers* and *Palinode*, bee repreſented two formes of Paſtours or Miniſters, or the Proteſtant and the Catholike; whoſe chiefe talke ſtandeth in reaſoning, whether the life of the one muſt be like the other: with whom hauing ſhewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowſhip, or giue too much credit to their colourable and fained good will, hee telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by ſuch a counterpoint of craftineſſe, deceyued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE.

IS not this the merry month of May,
When loue-lads masking in freſh array?
How fals it then, we no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gaudie greene?
Our blonket liueryes been all too ſad,
For thilke ſame ſeaſon, when all is yclad
With pleaſance, the ground with graſſe, the woodes
With greene leaues, the buſhes with bloſſoming buds.
Youthes folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather May-buskets, and ſmelling Breere:
And home they haſten the poſts to dight,
And all the Kirke pillers ere day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and ſweet Eglantine
And girlonds of Roſes, and ſops in wine.
Such merry-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we here ſitten as drownd in a dreme.

PIERS.

For yonkers PALINODE ſuch follies fit,
But we tway been men of elder wit.

PIERS.

PALINODE.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I ſaw a ſhole of ſhepheards out go,
With ſinging and ſhooting, and iolly cheere:
Before them yode a luſty tabrere,
That to the meynie a horne-pipe playde,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his mayde.
To ſee theſe folks make ſuch iouiſaunce,
Made my heart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the greene-wood they ſpeeden them all
To fetchen home May with their muſicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as King: and his Queene attone
Was Lady FLORA, on whom did attend
A fayre flocke of Faeries, and a freſh bend
Of loucly Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-buſh beare!)
Ah PIERS, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great ſport they gaynen with little ſwinke?

PIERS.

Perdie, ſo farre am I from enuie,
That their fondneſſe inly I pitty:
Thoſe faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their ſheepe runne at large,
Paſſen their time, that ſhould be ſparely ſpent,
In luſtineſſe and wanton meriment.
Thilke ſame been ſhepheards for the diuels ſtedde,
That playen while their flockes be vnfed.
Well it is ſeene their ſheepe is not their owne,
That leten them run at random alone.
But they been hired for little pay,
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flock, ſo they han the fleece
And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.
I muſe what account both theſe will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take:
And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,
Whē great PAN account of ſhepheards ſhall (aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I ſee thou ſpeakeſt of ſpight,
All for thou lackeſt ſomedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then ſonly pitied:
And yet, if need were, pitied would bee,
Rather then other ſhould ſcorne at mee:
For pitied is miſhap, that nas remedie,
But ſcorned, been deeds of fond foolerie.
What ſhoulden ſhepheards other things tēd
Then ſith their God his good does thē ſend
Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleaſure,
The while they here liuen, at eaſe & leaſure?
For when they be dead, their good is ygo,
They ſleepen in reſt, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends, what they ſpent in coſt,
But what they left behind them, is loſt.
Good is no good, but if it be ſpend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah PALINODE, thou art a worlds child:
Who touches pitch mought needs bee defilde.
But Shepheards (as ALGRIND vſed to ſay)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.
With them it ſits to care for their heyre,
Enaunter their heritage doe empayre:
They muſt prouide for meanes of maintenance,
And to continue their wonte countenance.
But ſhepheard muſt walke another way,
Sike worldly ſouenaunce he muſt foreſay.
The ſonne of his loines why ſhould he regard,
To leaue enriched with that he hath ſpar'd?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cheriſh his child, if in his wayes hee ſtood?
For if he miſſliue, in lewdneſſe and luſt,
Little bootes all the wealth and the truſt,
That his father left by inheritance,
All wil be ſoone waſted with miſgouernaunce,
But through this, & other their miſcreance,
They maken many a wrong cheuiſance,
Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,
The ſtouds thereof ſhall them ouerflow.
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better, then to the apes fooliſh care,
That is ſo enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, ſuch cauſe hath ſhe none)
That with her hard hold, and ſtraight embracing,
She ſtoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So oftentimes, when as good is ment,
Euill enſueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe returne:
(For oft may happen that hath beene beforne)
When ſhepheards had none inheritance,
Ne of land, nor fee in ſufferance:
But what might ariſe of the bare ſheepe,
(Were it more or leſſe) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with ſhepheards tho:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,
For PAN himſelfe was their inheritance,
And litle them ſerued for their maintenāce.
The ſhepheards God ſo well them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided:
Butter enough, honey, milke and whay,
And their flocke fleeces them to array.
But tract of time, and long proſperity,
(That, nource of vice, this of inſolency)
Lulled the ſhepheards in ſuch ſecurity
That not content with loyall obeyſance,
Some gan to gape for greedy gouernance:
And match themſelues with mighty Potentates,
Louers of Lordſhips, and troublers of States.
Tho gan ſhepheards ſwaines to looke aloft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge ſoft.
Tho vnder colour of ſhepheards, ſome-while,
There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne ſheepe,
And often the ſhepheard that did them keepe,
This was the firſt ſourſe of ſhepheards ſorrow,
That now nill be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outragious.
Women that of loues longing once luſt,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they muſt:
So when choler is inflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to aſſwage:
And who can counſell a thirſty ſoule?
With patience to forbeare the offred boule?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moſt is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the Giant has not ſuch a weight,
That beares on his ſhoulders the heauens height.
Thou findeſt fault, where nys to be found,
And buildeſt ſtrong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou rayleſt on right without reaſon.
And blameſt hem much, for ſmall encheaſon,
How woulden ſhepheards liue, if not ſo?
What ſhould they pynen in paine and woe?
Nay, ſay I thereto, by my deare borrow,
If I may reſt, I nill liue in ſorrow.
Sorrow ne need to be haſtened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquilitie,

Vſen we freely our felicity:
For when approchen the ſtormy ſtowres,
We mought with our ſhoulders beare off the ſharpe
And ſooth to ſaine, nought ſeemeth ſike ſtrife, (ſhowres.
That ſhepheards ſo twiten each others life,
And layen their faults the world beſorne,
The while their foes done each of them ſcorne.
Let none miſlike of that may not be amended:
So contecke, ſoone by concord, mought be ended,

PIERS.

Shepheard, I liſt no accordance make
With ſhepheard, that does the right way forſake.
And of the twaine, if choyſe were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concord han light and darke ſam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such faitors, when their falſe hearts been hid,
Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kid.

PALINODE.

Now PIERS, of fellowſhip, tell vs that ſaying:
For the Lad can keep both our flocks from ſtraying.

PIERS.

THilke ſame Kidde (as I can well deuiſe)
Was too verie fooliſh and vnwiſe.
For on a time in ſummer ſeaſon,
The Goat her dame that had good reaſon,
Yode forth abroad vnto the greene woode,
To brouze, or play, or what ſhe thought
But, for ſhe had a motherly care (good,
Of her young ſonne, and wit to beware,
She ſet her youngling before her knee,
That was both freſh, and louely to ſee,
And full of fauour, as Kidde mought be.
His veluet head began to ſhoot out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly ſprout:
The bloſſomes of luſt to bud did beginne,
And ſprung forth rankly vnder his chinne.
My ſon (quoth ſhe) & with that gan weep:
(For careful thoghts in her hart did creepe)
God bleſſe thee poor orphan as he mought
And ſend thee ioy of thy iollitie. (me,
Thy father (that word ſhe ſpake with paine,
For a ſigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To ſee the branches of his body diſplay,
How would he haue ioied at this ſweet ſight
But ah, falſe fortune ſuch ioy did him ſpite?
And cut off his daies with vntimely woe,
Betraying him vnto the traines of his foe.
Now I a wailefull widow behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To ſee thee ſucceede in thy fathers ſteade,
And flouriſh in flowers of luſtie head.
For euen ſo thy father his head vpheld,
And ſo his haughty horns did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her hart did ariſe,
And interrupted all her other ſpeech,
With ſome old ſorrow that made a new breach,
Seemed ſhee ſaw (in her younglings face)
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At laſt, her ſullen ſilence ſhe broke,
And gan his new budded beard to ſtroke.
Kiddie (quoth ſhe) thou kenſt the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wild beaſts liggen in wayte,
For to intrap in thy tender ſtate:
But moſt the Foxe, Maſter of colluſion:
For he has vowed thy laſt confuſion.
For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And neuer giue truſt to his trecherie:
And if he chance come when I am abroad,
Sparre the yate faſt, for feare of fraude.
Ne for all his worſt, nor for his beſt,
Open the dore at his requeſt.
So ſchooled the Goate her wanton ſon,
That anſwered his mother all ſhould bee done.
Tho went the penſiue Dame out of doore,
And chaunſt to ſtumble at the threſhold floore:
Her ſtumbling ſtep ſomewhat her amazed,
(For ſuch as ſignes of ill lucke hath beene diſprayſed)
Yet forth ſhe yode, thereat halfe agaſt,
And Kiddie the doore ſparred after her faſt.
It was not long after ſhe was gone,
But the falſe Foxe came to the doore anone.
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore Pedler he did wend:
Bearing a truſſe of trifles at his backe,
As belles and babies, and glaſſes in his packe.
A biggen he had got about his braine,
For in his headpeece he felt a ſore paine.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the doore he caſt me downe his packe,
And laid him downe, and groned, alacke, alacke:
Ah deere Lord, and ſweet Saint Charitie,
That ſome good body would once pitty me.
Well heard Kiddie all this ſore conſtraint,
And lengd to know the cauſe of his complaint:
Tho creeping cloſe, behind the Wickets clinke,
Priuily hee peeped out through a chincke:
Yet not ſo privily but the Foxe him ſpied,
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah, good young maſter (then gan he cry)
Ieſus bleſſe that ſweet face I eſpie,
And keepe your corps from the carefull
That in my carrion carkas abounds. (ſtoúds
The Kidde, pittying his heauineſſe,
Asked the cauſe of his great diſtreſſe,
And alſo who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare,
Sicke, ſicke, alas, a little lacke of dead,
But I be relieued by your beaſtly-head.
I am a poore ſheepe, albe my colour dunne:
For with long trauell I am brent in the ſun.
And if that my Grandſire me ſaid, be true,
Siker I am very ſybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not diſdaine
The baſe kinred of ſo ſimple ſwaine.
Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayde to foreſtall my neere decay.

The

Tho out of his packe a glaſſe hee tooke:
Wherein while Kiddie vnwares did looke,
He was ſo enamoured with the newell,
That nought he deemed deare for the Iewell.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The falſe Foxe, as hee were ſtarke lame.
His tayle he clapt betwixt his legges twaine,
Leſt he ſhould be deſcryed by his traine.
Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glaſſe he did ſee.
After his cheare, the Pedlar gan chat,
And tell many leſings of this, and that:
And how he could ſhew many a fine knacke.
Tho ſhewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All ſaue a bell, which he left behind
In the basket for the Kidde to find.
Which when the Kidde ſtooped down to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne ſtayed hee once, the dore to make faſt,
But ranne away with him in all haſte.
Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
She mought ſee the dore ſtand open wide.
All agaſt, lowdly ſhe gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould anſwere at all.
Tho on the flore ſhee ſaw the marchandiſe,
Of which her ſon had ſet too deare a price.
What help? her Kidde ſhe knew wel is gone:
She weeped & wailed, & made great mone.
Such end had the Kid: for he nould warned
Of craft coloured with ſimplicity: (bee
And ſuch end pardie does all hem remayne
That of ſuch falſers friendſhip beene faine.

PALINODE.

Truly PIERS, thou art beſide thy witte,
Furtheſt fro the marke, weening it to hitte.
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our ſir IOHN to ſay to morrow
At the Kirke, when it is holyday:
For well he meanes, but little can ſay.
But and if Foxes been ſo crafty, as ſo,
Much needeth all ſhepheards hem to know.

PIERS.

Of their falſhood more could I recount,
But now the bright ſun ginneth to diſmount:
And for the dewie night now draw'th nie,
I hold it beſt for vs home to hie.

Palinodes Embleme.

Pas men apiſtos apictei.

Piers his Embleme.

Tis d' ara piſtis apiſto,

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this ſame moneth. It is applyed to the ſeaſon of the moneth, when al men delight themſelues with the pleaſance of fields, and gardens, and garments.

Blonket liueries, gray coates. *Yclad*, arrayed. Y, redoundeth, as before.

In euery where, a ſtrange, yet proper kind of ſpeaking.

Buskets, a diminitiue. i. little buſhes of hawthorne.

Kirke, Church. *Queme*, pleaſe.

A ſhole, a multitude: taken of fiſh, whereof ſome going in great companies, are ſaid to ſwimme a ſhole.

Yode, went. *Iouiſaunce*, ioy. *Swinke*, labour. *Inly*, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Chriſt, the very God of all ſhepheards, which calleth himſelfe the great and good ſhepheard. The name is moſt rightly (me thinks) applyed to him; for *Pan* ſignifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Ieſus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Euſebius*, in his fift booke *De præparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper ſtory to that purpoſe. Which ſtorie is firſt recorded of *Plutarch*, in his booke of the ceaſing of miracles: and of *Lauatere* tranſlated in his booke of walking ſpirits. Who ſayth, that about the ſame time that our Lord ſuffered his moſt bitter paſſion, for the redemption of man, certaine perſons ſayling fro Italy to Cyprus, and paſſing by certaine Iles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Egyptian, which was Pylot

Pylot of the ſhip) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, when he came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: which he doubting to do, yet for that whē he came to *Palodes*, there ſuddenly was ſuch a calme of wind, that the ſhippe ſtood ſtill in the ſea vnmoued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* was dead: wherewithall, there was heard ſuch pittious outcryes, and dreadfull ſhriking, as hath not been the like. By which *Pan*, though of ſome bee vnderſtood the great *Sathanas*, whoſe kingdom was at that time by Chriſt conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, & Death by death deliuered to eternal death, (for at that time, as he ſayth, al Oracles ſurceaſed; and enchanted ſpirits that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) & alſo at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* ſhould be, anſwere was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the ſonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Chriſt, the onely and very *Pan*, then ſuffering for his flocke.

I as I am, ſeemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malim inuidere mihi omnes, quàm miſereſcere.*

Nas, is a ſyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous King, *Sardanapalus*, which he cauſed to be written on his Tombe in Greeke: which verſes be thus tranſlated by *Tullie*.

" *Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido*
" *Hauſit: at illa manent multa ac preclara relicta.*

Which may thus be turned into Engliſh.

" All that I eate, did I ioy; and all that I greedily gorged:
" As for thoſe many goodly matters, left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earle of Deuonſhire, which though much more wiſedome bewrayeth then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delights and beaſtlineſſe, the rimes be theſe:

" Ho, ho, who lyes here?
" I the good Earle of Deuonſhire,
" And Mauld my wife that was full deare:
" We liued together lv. yeare.
" That we ſpent, we had:
" That we gaue, we haue:
" That we left, we loſt.

Algrind, the name of a ſhepheard. *Men of the lay*, Lay men.

Enuner, leaſt that.

Souenance, remembrance. *Miſcreance*, diſprayſe, or misbeliefe.

Chemſaunce, ſometimes of Chaucer vſed for gain: ſomtime of other, for ſpoyle, or bootie, or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefdome.

Pan himſelfe, God: according as is ſayd in Deuteronomie, that in deuiſion of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui* no portion of heritage ſhould be allotted, for God himſelfe was their inheritance.

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichriſtian Prelates, which vſurpe a tyranicall dominion in the Church, and with *Peters* counterfeyt keyes, open a wide gate to all wickedneſſe and inſolent gouernment. Nought here ſpoken, as of purpoſe to deny fatherly rule and gouernance (as ſome malitiouſly of late haue done, to the great vnreſt and hinderance of the Church) but to diſplay the pride & diſorder of ſuch, as in ſtead of feeding their ſheepe, in deed feed of their ſheepe.

Sourſe, well-ſpring and originall. *Borrow*, pledge or ſurety.

The

The Giant, is the great Atlas, whom the Poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his ſhoulders: being indeed a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, which to mans ſeeming pearceth the clouds, and ſeemeth to touch the heauens. Others thinke, and they not amiſſe, that this fable was meant of one Atlas, King of the ſame countrey, who (as the Greekes ſay) did firſt finde out the hidden courſe of the ſtarres, by an excellent imagination; wherefore the Poets fained, that he ſuſtained the firmament on his ſhoulders. Many other cõiectures needleſſe be told hereof.

Warke, worke. *Encheaſon*, cauſe, occaſion.

Deare borow, that is our Sauiour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Twiten, blame. *Nought ſeemeth*, is vnſeemely.

Contecke, ſtriſe, contention. *Her*, their, as vſeth Chaucer.

Han, for haue. *Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in Aeſops fables: but the Cataſtrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde may be vnderſtood the ſimpler ſort of the faithfull & true Chriſtians. By his damme, Chriſt; that hath already with carefull watchwords (as heere doth the Gote) warned his little ones, to beware of ſuch doubling deceit. By the Foxe, the falſe and faithleſſe Papiſts, to whom is no credit to be giuen, nor fellowſhip to be vſed.

The Gate, the Gote: Northrenly ſpoken, to turne O into A.

Yode, went, aforeſayd.

She ſet, A figure called *Fictio*, which vſeth to attribute reaſonable actions, and ſpeeches to vnreaſonable creatures.

The bloſſomes of luſt, be the young and moſſie hayres, which then begin to ſprout and ſhoot forth, when luſtfull heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very Poeticall *Pathos*.

Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.

That word, a patheticall parentheſis, to encreaſe a carefull Hyperbaton.

The branch of the fathers body, is the child.

For euen ſo, alluded to the ſaying of Andromache to Aſcanius in *Virgill*.

Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a pearcing ſigh. *Liggen*, lie.

Maiſter of colluſion, i. coloured guile, becauſe the Foxe of all beaſtes is moſt wilie and crafty.

Sparre the yate, ſhut the doore.

For ſuch: the Gotes ſtumbling, is here noted as an euill ſigne. The like to be marked in all hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lord Haſtings in King Richard the third his dayes. For beſide his dangerous dreame (which was a ſhrewd propheſie of his miſhap that followed) it is ſaid, that in the morning riding towards the tower of London, there to ſit vpon matters of counſel, his horſe ſtumbled twice or thrice by the way: which of ſome, that (riding with him in his company) were priuy to his neere deſtiny, was ſecretly marked, and afterward noted for memory of his great miſhappe that enſued. For being then as merry as man might be, and leaſt doubting any mortall danger, hee was within two houres after, of the Tyrant put to a ſhamefull death.

As belles. by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, which put no ſmall religion in belles and babies, i. Idoles and glaſſes. ſ. Paxes, and ſuch like trumperies:

Great cold, for they boaſt much of their outward patience, and voluntary ſuffe-

rance,

rance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleneſſe.

Sweet S. Charitie, the Catholikes common oath, and onely ſpeech, to haue charitie alwayes in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

Cluke, a key-hole: whoſe diminutiue is clicket, vſed of Chaucer for a key.

Stoundes, fits: aforeſayde. *His lere*, a leſſon.

Medled mingled. *Beaſtlihead*, a greeting to the perſon of a beaſt.

Sibbe, a kinne. *Newell*, a new thing.

To foreſtall, to preuent. *Glee*, cheare: aforeſayd.

Deare a price, his life which he loſt for thoſe toyes.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale; whoſe purpoſe is to warne the Proteſtant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithfull Catholique: whereof wee haue dayly prooſes ſufficient, but one moſt famous of al, practiſed of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.

Faine, glad or deſirous.

Our ſir Iohn, a Popiſh Prieſt. A ſaying fit for the groſneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunt vnlearned prieſts.

Diſmount, deſcend or ſet. *Nie*, draweth neere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinode, as in reproch of them that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that who doth moſt miſtruſt, is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſhood, breedeth miſtruſt in the mind, thinking no leſſe guile to lurke in others, then in him ſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replyeth with another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, what faith then is there in the faithleſſe? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they dayly falſe, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they ſay.

IVNE.

Aegloga ſexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of *Collins* ill ſucceſſe in his loue. For being (as is aforeſayde) enamoured of a Countrey Laſſe, *Roſalinde*, and hauing (as ſeemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deere friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſtead, *Menalcas* another ſhepheard receyued diſloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

LO COLIN, heere the place, whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring mind:
Tell me, what wants me heere, to worke delight?
The ſimple ayre, the gentle warbling wind.
So calme, ſo coole, as no where elſe I finde:
The graſſie ground with daintie Daiſies dight,
The bramble buſh, where birds of euery kind
To th'waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLIN.

O happy HOBBINOLL, I bleſſe thy ſtate.
That Paradiſe hath found which ADAM loſt.
Here wander may thy flocke eately or late,
Without en dread of Wolues to be ytoſt:
Thy louely layes heere mayeſt thou freely boſte:
But I, vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods purſue from coſte to coſte,
Can no where find to ſhroud my luckleſſe pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou liſt aduiſed be,
Forſake thy ſoyle, that ſo doth thee bewitch,
Leaue me thoſe hilles, where harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor holy-buſh, nor breere, nor winding witch:

COLIN CLOVT.

And to the dales reſort, where ſhepheards ritch,
And fruitfull flockes beene euery where to ſee:
Here no night Rauens lodge, more blacke then pitch,
Nor eluiſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly owles doe flee.

But friendly Fayeries, met with many Graces,
And light-foot Nymphes can chaſe the lingring night,
With heydegiues, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt Siſters nine, which dwell on Parnaſſe hight,
Do make them muſicke, for their more delight,
And PAN himſelfe to kiſſe their cryſtall faces,
Will pipe and dance, when PHOEBE ſhineth bright:
Such peereleſſe pleaſures haue we in theſe places.

COLIN.

And I, whilſt youth, and courſe of careleſſe yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten links of loue,
In ſuch delights did ioy amongſt my peeres:
But riper age ſuch pleaſures doth reproue,
My fancie eke from former follyes, moue
To ſtayed ſteps: for time in paſſing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth new delights with hoarie hayres.

The

Tho couth I sing of loue,and tune my pipe,
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made:
Tho would I seeke for Queene-appies vnripe,
To giue my ROSALINDE,and in Summers shade
Dight gaudie Girlonds,was my common trade,
To crowne her golden lockes: but yeeres more ripe,
And losse of her,whose loue as life I wayde,
Those weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBBINOL.

COLIN,to heare thy rimes and roundelayes,
Which theu wert wont on wastfull hils to sing,
I more delight,then Larke in Sommer dayes:
Whose Eccho made the neighbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrdes,which in the lower spring,
Did shrowde in shadie leauee from sunny rayes,
Frame to thy song their cheerefull cheriping,
Or hold their peace,for shame of thy sweet layes.

I saw CALLIOPE with Muses moe,
Soone as thy Oaten pipe began to sound,
Their Iuorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine,where they sate around,
Renne after hastily thy siluer sound.
But when they came,where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drew abacke,as halfe with shame confound,
Shepheard to see,them in their art out-go.

COLIN.

Of Muses HOBBINOL,I con no skill,
For they been daughters of the highest IOVE,
And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill:
For sith I heard,that PAN with PHOEBVS stroue,
Which him to much rebuke and danger droue,
I neuer list presume to Parnasse hill,
But piping low,in shade of lowly groue,
I play to please my selfe,albeit ill.

Nought weigh I,who my song doth prayse or blame,
Ne striue to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
With shepheards fit not,follow flying fame:
But feed his flocke in fields,where falls hem best.
I wote my rimes been rough,and rudely dresst,
The fitter they,my carefull case to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnrest,
And poure my piteous plants out in the same.

The God of shepheards TITYRVS is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can to make:
He,whilest he liued,was the soueraigne head
Of shepheards all,that been with loue ytake.
Well couth he wayle his woes,and lightly slake
The flames,which loue within his hart hath bredde,
And tell vs merrie tales,to keepe vs wake,
The while our sheepe about vs safely fedde.

Then should my plaints,causde of discourtesee,
As messengers of my painefull plight,
Flye to my loue,where euer that shee bee,
And pearce her heart with point of worthy wight:
As she deserues,that wrought so deadly spight.
And thou MENALCAS,that by trecherie,
Didst vnderfong my Lady, to wexe so light,
Should'st well be knowne for such thy villany.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
Yee gentle shepheards,which your flockes doe feed,
Whether on hilles,or dales,or other where:
Beare witnesse all of this so wicked deed:
And tell the Lasse,whose flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultlesse faith,is turned to faithlesse feete,
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleed,
That liues on earth,and loued her most deare.

HOBBINOL.

O carefull COLIN,I lament thy case,
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flow.
Ah faithlesse ROSALINDE,and voyd of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time,I guesse,homeward to goe:
Then rise ye blessed flockes,and home apace,
Least night with stealing steps doe you foresloe,
And wet your tender Lambes that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia speme spenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, situation and place.

Paradise, A Paradise in Greeke, signifieth a Garden of pleasure, or place of delights. So he compareth the soyle, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradise,in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his first creation was placed. Which of the most learned is thought to be in *Mesopotamia*, the most fertile pleasant country of the world(as may appeare by *Diodorus Siculus* description of it, in the history of *Alexanders* conquest thereof)lying between the two famous Riuers which are sayde in Scripture to flow out of Paradise) *Tygris*, and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

Forsake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfaynedly spoken of the

Poet ſelfe, who for ſpeciall occaſion of priuate affayres (as I haue beene partly of himſelfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North parts, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduiſed him priuately.

Thoſe hilles, that is, in the North country, where he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts where hee now abideth, which though they bee full of hilles and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore ſo called: (for *Kantſo* in the Saxons tongue, ſignifyeth woody) yet in reſpect of the North parts, they be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher Country.

Night Rauens, &c By ſuch hatefull birdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Friendly Faeries. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet ſticketh very religiouſly in the minds of ſome. But to roote that ranke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no ſuch thinges, nor yet the ſhadowes of the things, but onely by a ſort of bald Fryers and knauiſh ſhauelings ſo faigned; which as in other things, ſo in that, ſought to nouſell the common people in ignorance, leaſt being once acquainted with the truth of things, they would in time ſmell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe, and Maſſe-peny religion. But the ſooth is, that when all Italy was diſtract into the factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, being two famous houſes in Florence, the name began through their great miſchiefes & many outrages, to be ſo odious, or rather dreadful in the peoples eares, that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they would ſay to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which words now from them (as many things elſe) be come into our vſage, and for Guelfes and Gibelines, we ſay Elfes & Goblyns. No otherwiſe then the Frenchmen vſed to ſay of that valiant captaine, the verie ſcourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, afterward Earle of Shrewsbury, whoſe nobleneſſe bred ſuch a terror in the hearts of the French, that oft times great armies were defaicted, and put to flight at the only hearing of his name: Inſomuch that the French women, to affray theyr children, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charity*, (as afore is ſayd) or at the vtmoſt but foure; yet in reſpect of many gifts of bounty, there may be ſayd more. And ſo Muſeus ſayth, that in Heroes eyther eye, there ſate a hundreth Graces. And by that authority, this ſame Poet in his Pageants ſayth. An hundreth Graces on her eye-lidde ſate, &c.

Haydeguies. A Country daunce or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muſes; and Pan his Muſicke, all night by Moone-light. To ſignifie the pleaſantneſſe of the ſoyle.

Peeres, Equals, and fellow ſhepheards. *Queene-apples vnripe*, imitating Virgils verſe:

Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour grones, a ſtrange phraſe in Engliſh, but word for word expreſſing the Latine, *vicina gemera*.

Spring, not of water, but of young trees ſpringing.

Calliope, aforeſayd. This ſtaffe is full of very poeticall inuention.

Tamburines, an old kind of inſtrument, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be the Clarion.

Pan with *Phœbus*. The tale is well known, how that Pan and Apollo ſtriuing for excellency in muſicke, choſe Midas for their iudge: who being corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victory to Pan vndeſerued: for which, Phœbus ſet a paire of

of Asses eares vpon his head, &c.

Tityrus: that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath been already sufficiently sayd, and by this more playne appeareth, that he sayth, he told merry tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales; whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellency: so as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ suæ*. i. the God of his life.

To make, to versifie. *O why*, A prety Epanorthosis or correction.

Discurteste: he meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking him, had chosen another.

Point of worthy wit, the pricke of deserued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in Virgill: but here is meant a person vnknowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly inueyeth.

Vnderfong, vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Poesie was *Anchora spemo*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now being clean forlorne, and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into despayre, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come: which is all the meaning of the Embleme.

IVLY.

Aegloga septima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheards, and to the shame and dispraise of proud and ambitious Pastors: Such as Morrell is here imagined to be.

THOMALIN.

IS not thilke same Goteheard proude,
that sits on yonder banke:
Whose straying heard themselfe doth shrowde
emong the bushes ranke?

MORREL.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swaine,
come vp the hill to me:
Better is then the lowly plaine,
als for thy flocke and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft:
This reade is rife, that oftentime
great climbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle:
And though one fal through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the Sun hath reared vp,
his fiery-footed teme,
Making his way betweene the Cuppe
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
with dogges of noysome breath,
VVhose balefull barking brings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dreery death.
Against his cruell scorching heate,
where thou hast ouerture:
The wastfull hils vnto his threat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust to holden chat
with seely shepheards swaine:
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORREL.

Siker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinke,
That with fond tearmes and witlesse words
to blere mine eyes doost thinke.
In euill howre thou hentst in hond,
thus holy hils to blame:
For sacred vnto Saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not know,
that wardes the westerne coast?
And of S. Bridgets bowre I trowe,
all Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill,
faine most what, that they dwell,
(As Gotcheards wont vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great God PAN,
vpon mount Oliuet:
Feeding the blessed flocke of DAN.
which did himselfe beget?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare:
And then did saue with bloudy sweat,
from wolues that would them teare.

MORRELL.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,
there is a holy place:
Where TITAN riseth from the maine,
to ren his dayly race.
Vpon whose toppe the starres beene stayed,
and all the skie doth leane.
There is the caue where PHOEBVS layed
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithence shepheards beene foresayde
from places of delight:
For thy, I ween thou bee afraide
to clime this hilles height.
Of Synah, can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladies bowre:
But little needs to strow my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Heere han the holy FAVNES recourse,
and SYLVANES haunten rathe,
Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe:
The salt Medway that trickling streames
adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with the elder brother Themes,
his brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes Melampode euery where,
and Teribinth good for Gotes:
The one, my madding Kids to smere,
the next, to heale their throtes.
Hereto, the hilles been nigher heauen,
and thence the passage ethe:
As well can proue the pearcing leuin,
that seldome falles beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,
of heauen to deemen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer wayes I know.
To Kirke the narre, to God more farre,
has been an olde said saw,
And he that striues to touch a starre,
oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoone may shepheards clime to skie,
that leades in lowly dales:
As Goteheards proud that sitting hie,
vpon the mountaine sayles.
My seely sheepe like well below,
they need not Melampode:
For they been hale enough, I trow,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone might be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weedes be glutted.
The hils where dwelled holy Saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the Saints,

which

which han been dead of yore.
And now they been to heauen forewent,
their good is with them go:
Their ſample to vs onely lent,
that als we mought doe ſo.
Shepheards they weren of the beſt,
and liued in lowly leas:
And ſith their ſoules be now at reſt,
why done we them diſeaſe?
Such one he was (as I haue heard)
old ALGRIND, often faine:
That whilome was the firſt ſhepheard,
and liued with little gaine:
And meeke he was as meeke mought bee,
ſimple, as ſimple ſheepe:
Humble, and like in each degree
the flocke which he did keepe.
Often he vſed of his sheepe,
a ſacrifice to bring,
Now with a Kidde, now with a ſheepe,
the Altars hallowing.
So louted he vnto the Lord,
ſuch fauour could he find,
That neuer ſithens was abhord
the ſimple ſhepheards kind.
And ſuch I weene the brethren were,
that came from Canaan:
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flockes of mighty PAN.
But nothing ſuch thilke ſhepheard was,
whom Ida hill did beare:
That left his flocke to fetch a Laſſe,
whoſe loue he bought too deare:
For he was proud that ill was paide,
(no ſuch mought ſheapheards be)
And with lowd luſt was ouer-layd:
tway things doen ill agree:
But ſhepheards mought be meeke and mild
well eyed, as ARGVS was:
With fleſhly follyes vndefilde,
and ſtout as ſteed of braſſe.
Sike one (ſaid ALGRIND) MOSES was,
that ſaw his Makers face.
His face more clear then cryſtall glaſſe,
and ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I know)
the firſt of all his core:
A ſhepheard true, yet not ſo true,
as he that earſt I hote.
Whilome all theſe were low, and leeſe,
and loued their flockes to feed,
They neuer ſtrouen to be chiefe:
and ſimple was their weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend:
Their weedes bene not ſo nighly wore,
ſuch ſimpleſſe mought them ſhend.
They been yclad in purple and pall,
ſo hath their God them bliſt:
They raigne and rulen ouer all.
and Lord it as they liſt:
Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
(mought they good ſhepheards been)
Their PAN their ſheepe to them has ſold,
I ſay, as ſome haue ſeene.
For PALINODE (if thou him ken)
yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome, (if ſuch be Rome) and then
he ſaw thilke miſuſage.
For ſhepheards (ſaid he) there doen lead,
as Lords done otherwhere:
Their ſheepe han cruſts, and they the bread
the chips, and they the cheere:
They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,
(O ſilly ſheepe the while)
The corne is theirs, let others threſh,
their hands they may not file.
They han great ſtore, and thrifty flocks,
great friends and feeble foes:
What need hem caren for their flocks,
their boyes can looke to thoſe.
Theſe Wiſards welter in wealths waues,
pampred in pleaſures deepe:
They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
their faſting flocks to keepe.
Sike miſter men been all miſgone,
they heapen hilles of wrath:
Sike ſilie ſhepheards haue we none,
they keepen all the path.

MORRELL.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,
loſt for lacke of telling:
Now ſiker I ſee thou doeſt but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medleſt more then ſhall haue thanke
to witen ſhepheards wealth:
When folke been fat, and riches ranke,
it is a ſigne of health.
But ſay me, what is ALGRIND, he
that is ſo oft bynempt?

THOMALIN.

He is a Shepheard great in gree,
but hath been long ypent:
One day he ſate vpon a hill,
(as now thou wouldeſt me.
But I am taught by ALGRINDS ill,
to loue the low degree.)
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalpe,
an Eagle ſored hie,
That weening his whitehead was chalke:
a ſhell fiſh downe let flie.
She weend the ſhell-fiſh to haue broke,
but therewith bruzde his braine:
So now aſtonied with the ſtroke,
hee lyes in lingring paine.

MORRELL.

Ah good ALGRIND, his hap was ill,
but ſhall be better in time:
Now farewell ſhepheard, ſith this hill,
thou haſt ſuch doubt to clime.

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.*

Morrels Emblemæ. *In ſummo fœlicitas.*

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard, by Gotes in Scripture be repreſented the wicked and reprobate, whoſe Paſtour alſo muſt needes be ſuch.

Banke, is the ſeate of honour. *Straying heard*, which wander out of the way of truth. *Als*, for alſo. *Climbe*, ſpoken of ambition.

Great climbers, according to Seneca his verſe,

Deciduntcelſa graniore lapſu. *Mickle*, much.

The Sunne: a reaſon why he refuſed to dwell on the mountains, becauſe there is no ſhelter againſt the ſcorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeare, which is the hoteſt moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, be two ſignes in the firmament, through which the Sunne maketh his courſe in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is poetically ſpoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning whereof is, that in Iuly the Sunne is in Leo. At which time, the Dog-ſtar, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, raigneth, with immoderate heate cauſing peſtilence, drought, and many diſeaſes.

Ouerture, an open place: the word is borrowed of the French, and vſed in good Writers. *To holden chat*, to talke and prate.

A loorde, was wont among the old Britons to ſignifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vſurped their tyranny here in Britaine, were called for more dread then dignity, Lurdans. i. Lord Danes. At which time it is ſayd, that the inſolencie and pride of that nation was ſo outragious in this Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a Bridge, and ſaw the Dane ſet foot vpon the ſame, hee muſt returne backe, till the Dane was cleane ouer, or elſe abide the priſe of his diſpleaſure, which was no leſſe then preſent death. But being afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became ſo odious vnto the people, whom they had long oppreſſed, that euen at this day they vſe for more reproch, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-lurdane.

Recks much of thy ſwincke, counts much of thy paines.

Weetleſſe, not vnderſtood.

S. Michaels mount, is a promontary in the Weſt part of England.

A Hill, Parnaſſus aforeſayd. *Pan*, Chriſt.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, *per Synecdochen.*

Where Titan, the Sunne. Which ſtorie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from whence he ſayth, all night time is to be ſeeen a mighty fire, as if the skie burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme, and thereof riſeth the Sunne, whom the Poets call Titan.

The ſhepheard, is Endymion, whom the Poets faine to haue beene ſo beloued of Phœbe. i. the Moone, that he was by her kept a ſleepe in a caue by the ſpace of thirty yeeres, for to enioy his company.

There, that is, in Paradiſe; where through errour of the ſhepheards vnderſtanding, he ſayth, that all ſhepheards did vſe to feed their flockes, till one (that is) Adam, by his folly and diſobedience, made all the reſt of his offſpring to be debarred, and ſhut out from thence.

Sinah, a hill in Arabia, where God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleaſure ſo called.

Faunes, or Syluanes, be of Poets fained to be Gods of the wood.

Medway,

Medway, the name of a riuer in Kent, which running by Rocheſter, meeteth with Thames: whom he calleth his elder brother, both becauſe he is greater, and alſo falleth ſooner into the ſea.

Meint, mingled. *Melampode Terebinth*, bee hearbs good to cure diſeaſed Goates, of the one ſpeaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

Terminthou tragoon eckaton acremonia.

Nigher heauen: note the ſhepheards ſimpleneſſe, which ſuppoſeth that from the hilles is nigher way to heauen.

Leuin, lightning; which he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighneſſe to heauen, becauſe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the ſaying of the Poet.

Feriuntque ſummos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, a loſell.
A borreil, a plaine fellow.
Narre, nearer.
Hale, for hole.
Yede, go.
Frowye, muſty or moſſie.
Of yore, long ago.
Forewent, gone afore.

The firſt ſhepheard, was Abel the righteous, who (as Scripture ſayth) bent his mind to keeping of ſheepe, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

His keepe, his charge. i. his flocke. *Lowted*, did honour and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue ſonnes of Iaacob, which were ſheepemaſters, and liued onely thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which (being the ſonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (which being with child of him, dreamed ſhee brought forth a fire-brand, that ſet the towne of Ilium on fire) was caſt forth on the hill Ida, where being foſtred of ſhepheards, he eke in time became a ſhepheard, and laſtly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A Laſſe, Helena, the wife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, was by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promiſed to Paris: who thereupon, with a ſort of luſty Troyans, ſtole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which was the cauſe of the tenne yeeres warre in Troy, and the moſt famous City of all Aſia, lamentably ſacked and defaced.

Argus, Was of the Poets deuiſed to bee full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the transformed Cow Io: ſo called, becauſe that in the print of the Cowes foot, there is figured an I in the midſt of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron: whoſe name, for more *Decorum*, the ſhepheard ſayth he hath forgot, leſt his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy Writte, ſhould ſeeme to exceed the meaneneſſe of the perſon.

Not ſo true: for Aaron in the abſence of Moſes ſtarted aſide, and committed Idolatrie.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, which vſe ſuch tyrannicall colours and pompous painting. *Belts*, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering; a participle, vſed ſometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioh. Goore.

Their Pan, that is the Pope, whom they count their God and greateſt ſhepheard.

Palinode, a ſhepheard, of whoſe report he ſeemeth to ſpeake all this.

Wiſards, great learned heads. *Welter*, wallow.
Kerne a Churle or Farmer. *Sike miſter men*, ſuch kind of men.
Surly, ſtately and proud. *Melling*, medling.

Bett,

Bett, Better. *Benempt*, named. *Gree*, for degree.

Algrind, the name of a ſhepheard aforeſayd, whoſe miſhappe he alludeth to the chaunce, that happened to the Poet *Aeſchylus*, that was brained with a ſhell fiſh.

Embleme.

By this poeſie Thomalin confirmeth that, which in his former ſpeech by ſundry reaſons he had proued: for being both himſelfe ſequeſtred from all ambition, and alſo abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occaſion to praiſe the mean & lowly ſtate, as that wherin is ſafety without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the ſaying of old Philoſophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midſt, being enuironed with two contrary vices: whereto Morrell replyeth with continuance of the ſame Philoſophers opinion, that albeit all bounty dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in ſupremacy. For, they ſay, & moſt true it is, that happineſſe is placed in the higheſt degree: ſo as if any thing bee higher or better, then that way ceaſeth to be perfect happineſſe. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humility, out of a great Doctor, *Suorum Chriſtus humillimus*: which ſaying, a Gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat backe againe with a like ſaying of another Doctor, as he ſayd, *Suorum Deus altiſſimus*.

AVGVST.

Aegloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue is ſet forth a delectable controuerſie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto alſo Virgill faſhioned his third & ſeauenth Aeglogue. They choſe for Vmpere of their ſtrife, Cuddy a neat-heards boy: who hauing ended their cauſe, reciteth alſo himſelfe a proper ſong, whereof Colin he ſayth was Author.

WILLY.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CVDDIE.

TEll me PERIGOT, what ſhall be the game,
Wherfore with mine thou dare thy muſick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benumbde with ache?

PERIGOT.

Ay WILLY, when the hart is ill aſſayde,
How can Bagpipe or ioynts be well apayde.

WILLY.

What the foule euill hath thee ſo beſtad?
Whilom thou waſt peregall to the beſt,
And wont to make the iolly ſhepheards glad,
With piping and dauncing, did paſſe the reſt.

PERIGOT.

Ah, VVILLY, now I haue learnd a new daunce:
My old Muſicke marde by a new miſchaunce.

VVILLIE.

Miſchiefe mought to that miſchaunce befall,
That ſo hath raft vs of our meriment:
But rede me, what pain doth thee ſo apall?
Or loueſt thou, or been thy younglings miſwent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath miſledde both my younglings and mee:
I pine for paine, and they my plaint to ſee.

WILLY.

Perdie, and wele away: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knew I louers ſheepe in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare ſtrine,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That ſhall I doe, though mochell worſe I fared:
Neuer ſhall be ſayd that PERIGOT was dared.

WILLY.

Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plight:
A Mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
VVherein is enchaſed many a fayre ſight
Of Beares and tygers, that maken fierce warre
And ouer them ſpred a goodly wild Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Ivie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the wolues iawes:
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepheards ſwaine,
To ſaue the innocent from the beaſtly pawes:
And heere with his ſheephooke hath him ſlaine.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou euer ſeene?
VVell mought it beſeeme any harveſt Queene.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis ſike another:
For I brought him vp without the dambe:
But COLIN CLOVT raft me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the plaine field,
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yeeld.

WILLY.

Siker make little account of his brother.
But who ſhall iudge the wager wonne or loſt?

PERIGOT.

That ſhall yonder Heardgroome, and none other,
VVhich ouer the pouſſe hitherward doth poſt.

WILLY.

But for the Sunne-beame ſo ſore doth vs beate,
VVere not better to ſhunne the parching heate?

PERIGOT.

VVell agreed VVILLIE: then ſit thee down ſwain:
Sike a ſong neuer heardeſt thou but COLIN ſing.

CVDDY.

Ginne, when yee liſt, ye iolly ſhepheards twaine,
Sike a Iudge as CVDDY, were for a King.

PER. IT fell vpon a holy Eue,
WIL. hey ho holyday:
PER. VVhen holy fathers wont to ſhriue:
WIL. now ginneth this roundelay.
PER. Sitting vpon a hill ſo hie,
WIL. heigh ho the high hill,
PER. The while my flocke did feed thereby,
WIL. the while ſhepheards ſelfe did ſpill:
PER: I ſaw the bouncing Bellybone:
WIL. hey ho Bonibell.
PER. Tripping over the dale alone,
WIL. ſhee can trip it very well.
PER. VVell decked in a frocke of gray,
WIL. hey ho, gray is greet,
PER. And in a kirtle of greene ſay,
VV I. the greene is for maydens meet.
PER. A chaplet on her head ſhe wore,
WIL. hey ho chapelet,
PER. Of ſweet Violets therein was ſtore,
WIL. ſhee ſweeter then the Violet.
PER. My ſheepe did leaue their wonted foode,
WIL. hey hoe ſeelie ſheepe,
PER. And gazde on her, as they were wood,
WIL. wood as hee that did them keepe,
PER. As the bonnilaſſe paſſed by,
WIL. hey ho bonilaſſe,
PER. She royde at me with glauncing eye,
WIL. as cleare as the cryſtall glaſſe:
PER. All as the ſunny beame ſo bright,
WIL. hey ho the ſunne beame,
PER. Glaunceth from PHOEBVS face forthright,
WIL. ſo loue into thy heart did ſtreame:
PER. Or as the thunder cleaues the cloudes,
WIL. hey ho the thunder,
PER. VVherein the lightſome leuin ſhroudes,
WIL. ſo cleaues thy ſoule a funder:
PER. Or as dame CYNTHYAS ſiluer ray,
WIL. hey ho, the Moone light,
PER. Vpon the glittering waue doth play:
WIL. ſuch play is a pittious plight.
PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
WIL. hey ho, the glider,
PER. Therewith my ſoule was ſharpely gride,
WIL. ſuch wounds ſoone wexen wider.
PER. Haſting to raunch the arrow out,
WIL. hey ho, PERIGOT,
PER. I left the head in my heart roote:
WIL. it was a deſperate ſhot.
PER. That it ranckleth aye more and more,
WIL. hey ho, the arrow:
PFK. Ne can I find ſalue for my ſore:
WIL. loue is a careleſſe ſorrow.
PFK. And though my bale with death I bought,

WIL.

WIL. hey ho heauy cheare,
PER. Yet should thilke Lasse not from my thought:
WIL. so you may buy gold too deare.
PER. But whether in painefull loue I pine,
WIL. hey ho pinching paine,
PER. Or thriue in wealth, she shall be mine.
WIL. but if thou can her obtaine.
PER. And if for graceleſſe griefe I die.
WIL. hey ho graceleſſe griefe:
PER. VVitneſſe, she ſlue me with her eye,
WIL. let thy folly be the priefe:
PER. And you that ſaw it ſimple ſheepe,
WIL. hey ho the fayre flocke.
PER. For priefe thereof, my death ſhall weepe,
WIL. and mone with many a mocke.
PER. So learn'd I loue on a holy eue,
WIL. hey ho holy day.
PER. That euer ſince my heart did grieue,
WIL. now endeth our roundelay.

CVDDY.

Siker, ſike a roundle neuer heard I none,
Little lacketh PERIGOT of the beſt,
And WILLIE is not greatly ouer-gone,
So weren his vnder-ſongs well addreſt.

WILLY.

Heardgroome, I feare me, thou haue a ſquint eye,
Areede vprightly, who has the victorie?

CVDDY.

Faith of my ſoule, I deeme each haue gained.
For thy, let the Lambe be WILLY his owne:
And for PERIGOT ſo well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

PERIGOT is well pleaſed with the doome,
Ne can WILLIE wite the witeleſſe heardgroom.

WILLY.

Neuer dempt more right of beauty I weene,
The ſhepheard of IDA, that iudg'd beauties Queene.

CVDDY.

But tell me ſhepheards, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roun dels freſh, to heare a dolefull verſe
Of ROSALIND, (who knowes not ROSALIND?)
That COLIN made? ylke can I you rehearſe.

PERIGOT.

Now ſay it CVDDY, as thou art a ladde:
With merry thing its good to meddle ſad:

WILLY.

Faith of my ſoule, thou ſhalt ycrowned be,
In COLINS ſteed, if thou this ſong areed:
For neuer thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

CVDDY.

Then liſten each vnto my heauy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull as yee may.

YE waſtfull woods beare witneſſe of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound:
Yee careleſſe birds are privy to my cryes,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleaſant ſpring haſt lulde me oft a ſleepe,
Whoſe ſtreames my trickling teares did oft augment.
Reſort of people doth my griefes augment.
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
The forreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull cryes:
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my loue did part.
VVhoſe wailefull wants debars mine eyes of ſleepe.
Let ſtreames of teares ſupply the place of ſleepe:
Let all that ſweete is, voyd: and all that may augment
My dole, draw neere. More meet to wayle my woe,
Beene the wild woods my ſorrowes to reſound,
Then bed nor bowre, both which I fill with cryes.
VVhen I them ſee ſo waſte, and find no part
Of pleaſure paſt. Here will I dwell apart:
In gaſtfull groue therefore till my laſt ſleepe
Doe cloſe mine eyes, ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as change my reſtleſſe woe:
Helpe me yee banefull birds, whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Is ſigne of dreary death, my deadly cries,
Moſt ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth ſleepe,
Increaſe, ſo let your irkeſome yelles augment.
Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe
I vowed haue to waſte, till ſafe and ſound
She home returne, whoſe voyces ſiluer ſound,
To cheerefull ſongs can change my cheereleſſe cries.
Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleepe
In ſongs and plaintiue pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his miſdeed, that breed her woe.
And you that feele no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cryes yee heare apart,
Let breake your ſounder ſleepe, and pitty augment.

PERICOT.

O COLIN, COLIN, the ſhepheards ioy,
how I admire each turning of thy verſe:
And CVDDY, freſh CVDDY, the lieſeſt boy,
how dolefully his dole thou didſt rehearſe.

CVDDY.

Then blow your pipes ſhepheards, till you be at home:
The night higheth faſt, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willies Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice che puo,

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Bestadde, disposed, or ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *Whilome*, once.
Raft, bereft, depriued. *Miswent*, gone astray. *Ill may*, according to Virgill,

Infœlix O semper ouis pecus.

A Mazer. So also doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their strife.

Enchased, engrauen. Such pretty descriptions euery where vseth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which speciall cause indeed, hee by that name tearmeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greeke, signifieth the shape or picture of any thing, whereof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard some fondly guesse, that they be called, not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrayled. wrought betweene.

Harueſt Queene, The manner of country folke in harueſt time.

Pousse, Pease.

It fell vpon. Perigot maketh all his song in prayse of his Loue, to whome Willy answereth euery vnder verse. By Perigot, who is meant, I cannot vprightly say: but if it be, who is supposed his Loue, she deserueth no lesse prayse, then he giueth her.

Greet, weeping and complaint. *Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland like a crowne.

Leuin, Lightning. *Cynthia*, was sayd to be the Moone.

Gryde, pearced.

But if, not vnlesse. *Squint eye*, partiall iudgement. *Each*, haue, so sayth Virgil:

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic, &c.

Doome, iudgement. *Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witeleſſe, blame the blameleſſe.

The ſhepheard of Ida, was sayde to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to whom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beauty.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous; for Perigot by his poesie claiming the conqueſt, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cause, and patron of his owne, seemeth to challenge it, as his due: saying, that he is happy which can: so abruptly ending; but he meaneth eyther him, that can win the best, or moderate himselfe being best, and leaue off with the best.

Aegloga nona.

ARGVMENT.

HEercin Diggon Dauie is deuiſed to be a ſhepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his ſheepe into a farre country. The abuſes whereof and looſe liuing of Popiſh Prelates, by occaſion of Hobbinols demaund, hee diſcourſeth at large.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

DIGGON DAVIE, I bid her God day:
Or DIGGON her is, or I miſſay.
DIGGON.
Her was her, while it was day light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight,
For day that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at laſt the darke night doth haſt.
HOBBINOL.
DIGGON, areede who has thee ſo dight?
Neuer I wiſt thee in ſo poore a plight. (lead?
Where is the fayre flocke, thou waſt wont to
Or bin they chaffred? or at miſchiefe dead?
DIGGON,
Ah for loue of that, is to thee moſt leefe,
HOBBINOL, I pray thee gal not my old grief
Sike queſtion rippeth vp cauſe of new woe:
For one opened, mote vnfold many moe.
HOBBINOL.
Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrowded in hart,
I know, to keepe i s a burthenous ſmart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare:
Whē the rain is fallen, the clouds wex cleare
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head laſt,
Twice three Moons bin fully ſpent and paſt
Since whēthou haſt meaſured much ground
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flockes eſtate.
DIGGON.
My ſheepe bin waſted (woe is me therefore)
The iolly ſhephedrd that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor ſhepheard more.
In forreine coaſts, men ſayd, was plenty:
And ſo there is, but all of miſery.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſore.
In tho countries where I haue been,
No beeing for thoſe that truly meant:
But for ſuch as of guile maken gaine,
No ſuch country as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And makan a market of their good name.
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baites to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his ſheep forth of the cote,
Or they will caruen the ſhepheards throte:
The ſhepheards ſwaine you cannot wel ken
But it be by his pride from other men:

They

They looken bigge,as Buls that been bate,
And bearen the cragge so stiffe and so state:
As Cocke on his dunghill,crowing cranke.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON,I am so stiffe and so stanke,
That vneth may I stand any more:
And now the Westerne wind bloweth sore,
That is in his chiefe soveraigntee:
Bearing the withered leafe from the tree.
Sit we downe here vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the blustering blast:
Now say on DIGGON,what ever thou hast.

DIGGON.

HOBBIN,ah HOBBIN,I curse the stound,
That ever I cast to haue lorne this ground.
Wele-away,the while I was so fond.
To leaue the good,that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was vncouth:
So lost the dog the flesh in his mouth.
My seely sheepe(ah seely sheepe)
That hereby there I whilome vsde to keepe,
All were they lusty,as thou diddest see:
Been all starved with pine and penury:
Hardly my selfe escaped thilke paine,
Driven for need to come home againe.

HOBBINOL.

Ah son, now by thy losse art taught,
That seldome change the better brought.
Content who liues with tryed state,
Need feare no change of frowning fate:
But who will seeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by losse,and leaues with paine.

DIGGON.

I wote ne HOBBIN how I was bewitcht,
With vaine desire,and hope to be enritcht.
But siker so it is,as the bright starre
Seemeth a greater,when it is farre:
I thought the soyle would haue made me rich;
But now I wote it is nothing sich.
For eyther the shepheards been idle and still;
And led of their sheepe,what way they will:
Or they been false and full of covetise;
And casten to compasse many wrong Emprise.
But more been fraught with fraud and spight;
Ne in good nor goodnesse taken delight:
But kindle coales of contecke and ire,
Wherewith they set all the world on fire:
Which when they thunken againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench.
They say they con to heaven the high way:
But by my soule I dare vndersay,
They never set foot in that same trode;
But balke the right way,and strayen abroad.
They boast they han the divell at commaund?
But aske them,therefore what they haue paund.
Marry that great PAN bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bower of sorrow.
But they han sold thilke same long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.
But let them gang alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed,so let them beare blame.

HOBBINOL.

DIGGON,I pray thee speake not so dirke,
Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then plainely to speake of shepheards most what:
Bad is the best (this English is flat)
Their ill haviour garres men missay,
Both of their doctrine,and their fay.
They say the world is much warre then it woont,
All for her shepheards is beastly and bloont.
Other saine,but how truly I note,
All for they holden shame of their cote.
Some sticke not to say(hote cole on her tongue)
That sike mischiefe graseth hem emong:
All for they casten too much of worlds care:
To decke her Dame,and enrich her heyre:
For such encheason:if you goe nie,
Few chemneyes reeken you shall espie:
The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the stall,
Is now fast stalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their steades,
Ylike as a monster of many heads.
But they that shooten nereest the pricke,
Saine,other the fat from their birds doe licke.
For bigge buls of Basan brace hem about;
That with their hornes butten the more stoute:
But the leane soules treaden vnder foot:
And to seeke redresse mought little boote:
For liker been they to plucke away more.
Then ought of the gootten good to restore.
For they beene like foule wagmoires overgrast,
That if any galage once sticketh fast,
The more to winde it out thou doest swinke,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper sinke.
Yet better leaue off with a little losse,
Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

HOBBINOL.

Now DIGGON,I see thou speakest too plaine:
Better it were,a little to saine;
And cleanely cover that cannot be cured.
Such ill as is forced,mought needs be endured.
But of sike Pastors how done the flocks creepe?

DIGGON.

Sike as the shepheards,like been her sheepe,
For they nill listen to the shepheards voyce:
But if he call hem,at their good choyce.
They wander at will,and stay at pleasure,
And to their folds yeade at their owne leasure.
But they had bee better come at their call:
For many han vnto mischiefe fall,
And been of ravenous Wolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOL.

Fie on thee DIGGON,and all thy foule leasing,
Well is knowne that since the Saxon King,
Never was Woolfe seene,many nor some;
Nor in all Kent,nor in Christendome:
But the fewer Wolues(the sooth to saine)
The more been the Foxes that heere remayne.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more ſecret wiſe,
And with ſheeps clothing doen hem diſguiſe
They talke not widely as they were woont:
For feare of raungers and the great hoont:
But privily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOL.

Or privie or pert, if any bin,
We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a iolly hole in their fur,
But not good dogs hem needeth to chaſe,
But heedy ſhepheards to diſcerne their face,
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been ſo graue, and full of maintenance.
But ſhall I tell thee what my ſelfe know,
Chaunced to ROFFIN not long ygoe?

HOBBINOL.

Say it out DIGGON, what ever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
Hee is ſo meeke, wiſe, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is convenable.
COLIN CLOVT I weene be his ſelfe boy,
(Ah for COLIN he whilome my ioy)
Shepheards ſich, God mought vs many ſend,
That doen ſo carefully their flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke ſame ſhepheard mought I well marke:
He has a dogge to bite or to barke.
Never had ſhepheard ſo keene a cur,
That waketh, and if but a leafe ſturre.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
And ever at night wont to repayre
Vnto the flocke, when the Welkin ſhone fayre,
Yclad in clothing of ſeely ſheepe,
When the good old man vſed to ſleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learnd a curres call)
As if a Wolfe were among the ſheepe.
With that the ſhepheard would breake his ſleepe,
And ſend out Lowder (for ſo his dogge hote)
To raunge the fields with open throat.
Tho when as Lowder was farre away.
This wolviſh ſheepe would catchen his prey,
A Lambe or a Kidde, or a weanell waſt:
With that to the wood would he ſpeed him faſt.
Long time he vſed this ſlippery pranke,
Ere ROFFY could for his labour him thanke.
At end, the ſhepheard his practiſe ſpyed,
(For ROFFY is wiſe, and as ARGVS eyed)
And when at euening he came to the flocke,
Faſt in their folds he did them locke:
And tooke out the Wolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the ſheepes bloud at his throat.

HOBBINOL.

Marry DIGGON, what ſhould him affray,
To take his owne where ever it lay?
For had his weaſand been a little widder,
He would haue devoured both hidder and ſhidder.

DIGGON.

Miſchiefe light on him, and Gods great curſe,
Too good for him had been a great deale wurſe:
For it was a perillous beaſt aboue all,
And eke had he cond the ſhepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the ſheepecote,
And called Lowder with a hollow throat,
As if the old mans ſelfe had been.
The dogge his maiſters voyce did it ween:
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No ſooner was out, but ſwifter then thought,
Faſt by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught,
And had not ROFFY renne to the ſteven,
Lowder had been ſlaine thilke ſame even.

HOBBINOL.

God ſhield man, he ſhould ſo ill haue thriue,
All for he did his devoire belriue.
If ſike been Wolues, as thou haſt told,
How mought we, DIGGON hem behold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulneſſe,
Forſtallen hem of their wilineſſe?
For they with ſhepheards fittes not play:
Or ſleepe, as ſome doen, all the long day:
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From ſuddaine force their flockes for to gard.

HOBBINOL.

Ah DIGGON, thilke ſame rule were too ſtraight,
All the cold ſeaſon to watch and wayte.
We beene of fleſh, men as other be:
Why ſhould we be bound to ſuch miſery?
What-ever thing lacketh changeable reſt,
Mought needes decay, when it is at beſt.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOL, all this long tale
Nought eaſeth the care that doth me forhayle,
What ſhall I do? what way ſhall I wend,
My pittious plight, and loſſe to amend?
Ah good HOBBINOL, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counſell in my decay.

HOBBINOL.

Now by my ſoule DIGGON, I lament
The hapleſſe miſchiefe that has thee hent:
Netheleſſe thou ſeeſt my lowly fayle,
That froward fortune doth ever avayle.
But were HOBBINOL as God mought pleaſe,
DIGGON ſhould ſoone find favour and eaſe.
But if to my cottage thou wilt reſort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort,
There mayeſt thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fayrer fortune ſhew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOL, God mought it thee requite,
DIGGON on few ſuch friends did ever lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit,

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phraſe of ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomewhat to differ from the common. The cauſe whereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the party heerein meant, who being very friend to the Authour heereof, had beene long in forreine Countries, and there ſeene many diſorders, which hee here recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bid, is to pray, whereof commeth beades for prayers; and ſo they ſay, To bid his beades: for to ſay his prayers.

Wighty, quickly, or ſuddenly. *Chaffred*, ſold. *Dead at miſchiefe*, an vnuſuall ſpeech, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leeſe, Deare. *Ethe*, eaſie. *Thrice three Moones*, nine Monethes.

Meaſured, for trauelled.

Wae, woe, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Caruen*, cut.

Kenne, know. *Cragge*, necke. *State*, ſtoutly. *Stanke*, weary or faine.

And now, he applyeth it to the time of the yeere, which in the end of Harueſt, which they call the fall of the leafe: at which time the Weſtern wind beareth moſt ſway.

A mocke, Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis.*

Lorne, left. *Soote*, ſweet. *Uncouth*, vnknowne. *Hereby, there*, heere and there.

As the bright, tranſlated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe*, for enterpriſe. Per Syncopen.

Contecke, ſtriſe. *Trode*, path.

Marrie that, that is, their ſoules, which by Popiſh Exorciſmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gang*, go. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe.

Crumenall, purſe, *Brace*, compaſſe. *Encheſon*, occaſion. *Ouergraſt*, ouergrowne with graſſe. *Galage*, ſhooe. *The groſſe*, the whole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient.

Saxon King. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. Which King cauſed all the Wolues, whereof then was ſtore in his Countrey, by a proper policie to be deſtroyed. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue bin Wolues heere found, vnleſſe they were brought from other Countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying that there bee Wolues in Eng[land].

Nor in Chriſtendome. This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indeed it was wont to be an olde prouerbe and common phraſe. The original whereof was, for that the moſt part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely except, which remayned long after in misbeliefe, and vnchriſtened: So that Kent was counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt, Executing of lawes and iuſtice.

Enaunter, leaſt that. *Inly*, inwardly: aforeſaid.

Priuy or pert, openly ſayth Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a ſhepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin and the King. Whō he heere commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernaunce of his flocke.

Colin Clout. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the Authours ſelfe, whoſe eſpeciall good friend Hobbinoll ſaith hee is, or more rightly Maiſter

Gabriell Haruey: of whoſe eſpeciall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choyce learning, wee haue lately had a ſufficient triall in diuers his works, but ſpecially in his *Muſarum Lachrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinenſium*: which booke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex, he dedicated in writing to her Maieſty; afterward, preſenting the ſame in Print to her Highnes at the worſhipfull Maſter Capels in Hertfordſhire. Beſide other his ſundry moſt rare & verie notable writings, partly vnder vnknown titles, & partly vnder counterfeit names: as his Tyrannomaſtix, his Old Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that part of Philomuſus, his diuine Anticoſmopolita, and diuers other of like importance. As alſo by the name of other ſhepheards, he couereth the perſons of diuers other his familiar friends and beſt acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy, ſeemeth to colour ſome particular action of his. But what I certainely know not.

Wonned, haunted. *Welkin*, skie, aforeſaid.

A weaned waſte, a weaned youngling.

Hudder and ſhidder, he and ſhe, Male and Female. *Steuen*, noyſe.

Beliue, quickly. *What euer*, Ouids verſe tranſlated:

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non eſt.

Forehaile, draw or diſtreſſe. *Vetchie*, of Peaſe ſtraw.

Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciſſus in Ouid. For when the fooliſh boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his own likeneſſe: and not able to content himſelfe with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plenty made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſenſe. But Diggon vſeth it to other purpoſe; as who that by tryall of many wayes had found the worſt, and through great plenty was fallen into penury. This Poeſie I know, to haue beene much vſed of the Authour, and to ſuch like effect, as firſt Narciſſus ſpake it.

OCTOBER

Aeglogа decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddy is ſet out the perfect patterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his ſtate and ſtudies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the cauſes thereof: ſpecially hauing been in all ages, and euen amongſt the moſt barbarous, alwayes of ſingular account and honour, and beeing indeed ſo worthy and commendable an Art; or rather no Art, but a diuine gift and heauenly inſtinct, not to be gotten by labor and learning, but adorned with both, and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthouſiaſmes*, and celeſtiall inſpiration, as the Author hereof elſewhere at large diſcourſeth in his booke, called the Engliſh Poet: which book being lately come to my hands; I mind alſo by Gods grace, vpon further aduiſement to publiſh.

PIERS.

CVDDY, for ſhame hold vp thy heauy head,
And let vs caſt with what delight to chace,
And wearie this long lingring PHOEBVS race.
Whilom thou went the ſhepheards lads to leade,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding baſe:
Now they in thee, and thou in ſleepe art dead.

CVDDY.

PIERS, I haue piped earſt ſo long with paine,
That all mine Oaten reedes beene rent and wore:
And my poore Muſe hath ſpent her ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſſe gaine,
Such pleaſance makes the Graſſhopper ſo poore,
And ligge ſo laid, when Winter doth her ſtraine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuiſe,
To feed youthes fanſie, and the flocking fry,

CVDDY.

Delighten much: what I the bett for thy?
They han the pleaſure, I a ſlender priſe.
I beate the buſh, the birds to them doe flie:
What good thereof to CVDDY can ariſe?

PIERS.

CVDDY, the prayſe is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:
O what an horrour is it, to reſtraine
The luſt of lawleſſe youth with good aduice?
Or pricke them forth with pleaſance of thy vaine,
Whereto thou liſt their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginſt to ſet thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routes to thee doe cleaue!
Seemeth thou dooſt their ſoule of ſenſe bereaue.
All as the ſhepheard that did fetch his dame

From

From PLVTOES baleſull Bowre withouten leaue:
His muſickes might the helliſh hound did tame.

CVDDY.

So prayſen babes the Peacocks ſpotted train,
And wondren at bright ARGVS blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the skie,
Sike words been winde, and waſten ſoone in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the baſe and viler Clowne,
Lift vp thy ſelfe out of the lowly duſt:
And ſing of bloudy MARS, of warres, of guſts,
Turne thee to thoſe, that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whoſe woundleſſe armour ruſtes,
And helmes vnbruzed, wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttering wing,
And ſtretch her ſelfe at large from Eaſt to Weſt:
Whether thou liſt in fayre ELIZA reſt,
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Aduance the worthy whom ſhe loueth beſt,
That firſt the White Beare to the ſtake did bring,

And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds,
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring:
Of loue and luſtlihead tho maiſt thou ſing,
And carroll lowde, and leade the Millers round,
All were ELISA one of thilke ſame ring,
So mought our CVDDIES name to heauen ſound.

CVDDY.

Indeed the Romiſh TITYRVS, I heare,
Through his MECOENAS left his oaten reed,
Whereon he earſt had taught his flockes to feed,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,
And eft did ſing of warres and deadly dreed,
So as the heauens did quake his verſe to heare.

But ah, MECOENAS is yclad in clay,
And great AVGVSTVS long ygo is dead:
And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play:
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,
The loftie verſe of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to ſtoupe,
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of eaſe:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe,
To put in preace among the learned troupe:
Tho gan the ſtreames of flowing wits to ceaſe,
And ſunbright honour pend in ſhamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poeſie,
Yet of the olde ſtocke gan to ſhoote agai ne:
Or it mens follyes mote to force to faine,
And roll with reſt in rimes of ribaudrie:
Or as it ſprung, it wither muſt againe:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O peereleſſe Poeſie, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes Pallace thou doeſt ſit,
(And yet is Princes Pallace the moſt fit,
Ne breſt of baſer birth doth thee embrace:
Then make thee wings of thine aſpiring wit,
And, whence thou camſt, flie backe to heauen apace.

CVDDY.

Ah PERCY, it is all too weake and wan,
So high to ſore, and make ſo large a flight:
Her pieced pinions been not ſo in plight,
For COLIN fits ſuch famous flight to ſcan:
He, were he not with loue ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as hie, and ſing as ſoote as ſwan.

PIERS.

Ah ſon, for loue does teach him climbe ſo high,
And lifts him vp out of the loathſome mire:
Such immortall mirrour, as he doth admire,
Would rayſe ones mind aboue the ſtarry skie,
And cauſe a caitiue courage to aſpire:
For lofty loue doth loath a lowly eye.

CVDDY.

All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands,
For lordly loue is ſuch a tyranne fell,
That where he rules, all power he doth expell
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demaunds,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muſes dwell:
Vnwiſely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer caſts to compaſſe weighty priſe,
And thinks to throw out thundering words of threate:
Let powre in lauiſh cups, and thrifty bits of meate.
For BACCHVS fruit is friend to PHOEBVS wiſes
And when with wine the braine begins to ſweate,
The numbers flowe as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not PERCY how the time ſhould rage,
O if my temples were diſtaind with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde Ivie twine,
How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint BELLONA in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,
For they content vs in this humble ſhade:
Where no ſuch troublous tides han vs aſſayde,
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates ſhall han their bellies layde,
CVDDY ſhall haue a Kidde to ſtore his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16. Idilion, wherein he reproued the tyrant Hero of Syracuse for his niggardise towards Poets, in whome is the power to make men immortall for their good deedes, or shamefull for their naughty life. And the like also is in Mantuane. The like hereof, as also that in Theocritus, is more lofty then the rest, and applyed to the height of Poeticall wit.

Cuddy, I doubt whether by Cuddy be specified the Authors selfe, or some other. For in the eight Aeglogue the same person was brought in, singing a Cantion of Collins making, as he sayth. So that some doubt, that the persons be different.

Whilome, sometime. *Oaten reedes*, Auenæ.

Ligge so layde, lye so faint and vnlusty. *Dapper*, pretie.

Frie, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the spawning fishes, for the multitude of young fish be called the Frye.

To restraine. This place seemeth to conspire with Plato. who in his first booke *de legibus* sayth, that the first inuention of Poetrie was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth vsually came to their great solemne feastes called Panegyrica, which they vsed euery fiue yeeres to hold, some learned man being more able then the rest, for speciall gifts of wit and musicke, would take vpon him to sing fine verses to the people, in prayse eyther of vertue or of victorie, or of immortality, or such like. At whose wonderfull gift all men being astonied and at it were rauished with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inspired from aboue, called him *Vatem*: which kind of men afterward, framing theyr verses to lighter musicke (as of Musicke there bee many kindes, some sadder, some lighter, some martiall, some heroicall: and so diuersly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poesie also, some playing with loue, some scorning at mens fashions, some powred out in pleasure, & so were called Poets, or makers.

Sensebereaue. What the secret working of musicke is in the mindes of men, as wel appeareth hereby, that some of the ancient Philosophers, and those the most wise, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind was made of a certain harmonie and musicall numbers, for the great compassion, and likenesse of affection in the one and the other, as also by that memorable history of Alexander: to whom when as Timotheus the great Musician played the Phrygian melody, it is said that he was distraught with such vnwonted furie, that straightway rising from the table in great rage, he caused himselfe to be armed, as ready to go to war (for that musick is very war-like.) And immediately, when as the Musitian changed his stroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he was so far from warring, that hee sate as still as if he had been in matters of counsell. Such might is in musicke. Wherfore Plato and Aristotle, forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fist and seuenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, which vseth to burne in our young breastes. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here saith, that the Musick cã bereaue the soule of sense.

The shepheard that, Orpheus: of whom it is sayd, that by his excellent skill in Musicke and Poetry, he recouered his wife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes. Of Argus is before sayd, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his paragon Io, because he had an hundreth eyes: but afterward Mercurie with his Musicke lulling Argus a sleepe, slew him, & brought Io away; whose eyes, it is sayd that Iuno for his eternal memory, placed in her bird the Peacocks taile, for those coloured spots indeed resemble eyes.

Wound-

Woundlesse armour, vnwounded in warre, doe rust through long peace.

Display. A Poeticall Metaphore, whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet list shew his skill in matter of more dignity, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occasion is him offered of higher veine, and more Heroicall Argument, in the person of our most gracious Soueraigne, whom (as before) he calleth *Elisa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chiualry please him better, that there bee many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of his paines in their deserued prayses, and also fauourers of his skill and faculty.

The worthy. hee meaneth (as I ghesse) the most honourable and renowmed the Earle of Leicester, whom by his cognisance (although the same be also proper to other) rather then by his name he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worthy Princes be knowne to country clownes.

Slacke. That is, when thou changest thy verse to stately course, to matter of more pleasance and delight.

The Millers a kind of daunce. *Ring*, company of dauncers.

The Romish Tityrus, Well knew noble Virgill, who by Mecænas meanes was brought into the fauour of the Emperour Augustus, and by him mooued to write in loftier kind, then he earst had done.

Whereon: in these three verses are the three seuerall works of Virgill intended, for in teaching his flocke to feed, is meant his Aeglogue. In labouring of landes, is his Georgiques. In singing of warres and deadly dread, is his diuine Aeneis figured.

In derring do, in manhood and chiualrie,

For euer. He sheweth the cause why Poets were wont to bee had in such honour of noble men, that is, that by them their worthinesse and valour should through their famous poesies be commended to all posterities. Wherefore it is said, that Achilles had neuer bin so famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verses, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And also that Alexander the great comming to his tombe in Signes, with naturall teares blessed him, that euer was his hap to be honoured with so excellent a Poets work, as so renowned & enobled onely by his meane. Which being declared in a most eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no lesse worthily set forth in a Sonnet.

Giunto Alessandro à la famosa tomba,
Del fero Achillo sospirando disse
O fortunato che si chiaro tromba Trouasti, &c.

And that such account hath been alway made of Poets, as wel sheweth this, that the worthy Scipio in all his warres against Carthage and Numantia, had euermore in his company, and that in most familiar sort, the good old Poet Ennius: as also that Alexander destroying Thebes, when he was enformed, that the famous Lyricke Poet Pindarus was borne in that City, not onely commaunded straightly, that no man should vpon pain of death, do any violence to that house, or otherwise: but also specially spared most, and some highly rewarded that were of his kinne. So fauoured he the only name of a Poet. Which prayse otherwise was in the same man no lesse famous, then when he came to ransacking of King Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of siluer, the two bookes of Homers workes, as layde vp there for speciall Iewels and riches: which hee taking thence, put one of them dayly in his bosome, and the other euery night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwayes found in the sight of Princes & noble men, which this Authour heere very well sheweth, as elsewhere more notably.

But after: he sheweth the cause of contempt of Poetrie to be idlenesse and base-

nesse

neſſe of mind.

Pent, ſhut vp in ſloth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironicall Sarcaſmus, ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude wits, which make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Ne breſt, the meaner ſort of men. *Her peeced piniens*, vnperfect skill: ſpoken with humble modeſty.

As ſo te as Swanne. The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the ſwanne hath euer wonne ſmall commendation for her ſweet ſinging: but it is ſayd of the learned, that the Swanne a little before her death, ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophecying by a ſecret inſtinct her neere deſtinie, as well ſayth the Poet elſewhere in one of his Sonets:

The ſiluer Swan doth ſing before her dying day,
As ſhe that feeles the deepe delight that is in death, &c.

Immortall mirrour, Beauty, which is an excellent obiect of poeticall ſpirites, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, ſaying:

Fior ir faceua il mio debile ingegno.
Ala ſua ombra, & creſcer ne gli affanni.

A caytiue courage, A baſe and abiect mind.

For loſtie loue. I thinke this playing with the letter, be rather a fault then a Figure, as wel in our Engliſh tongue, as it hath been alwayes in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuans ſaying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poſcit.*

Lauiſo cups, Reſembleth the common verſe, *Fœcũdi calices quẽ non fecere diſertum.*

O ſfmy: he ſeemeth heere to be rauiſhed with a poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers riſe ſo full, and the verſe groweth ſo bigge, that it ſeemeth hee had forgot the meanneſſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtile.

Wilde Iuie: for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is ſayd, that the Mænades (that is, Bacchus franticke prieſts) vſed in their ſacrifice to carry Thyrſos, which were painted ſtaues or Iauelins, wrapped about with Ivie.

In buskin. It was the maner of Poets and players in Tragedies, to weare buskins, as alſo in Comedies to vſe ſocks and light ſhooes. So that the buskin in Poetry, is vſed for tragicall matter, as is ſayd in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.*

Queint, ſtrange. Bellona the goddeſſe of battell, that is Pallas: which may therefore well be called queint, for that (as Lucian ſayth) when Iupiter her father was in trauaile of her, he cauſed his ſonne Vulcan with his axe to hewe his head. Out of which leaped out luſtily a valiant Damſell armed at all points: whom Vulcan ſeeming ſo fayre and comely, lightly leaping to her, proffered her ſome curteſie, which the Lady diſdayning, ſhaked her ſpeare at him, and threatned his ſaucineſſe. Therefore ſuch ſtrangeneſſe is well applyed to her.

Equipage, order. *Tydes*, ſeaſons.

Charme, temper and order. For charmes were wont to be made by verſe, as Ouid ſayth: *Aut ſi carminibus.*

Embleme.

Hereby is meant, as alſo in the whole courſe of this Aeglogue, that Poetry is a diuine inſtinct, and vnnaturall rage, paſſing the reach of common reaſon. Whom Piers anſwereth *Iupiphonematicos*, as admiring the excellency of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had already had a taſte.

Aegloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this xi. Aeglogue hee bewayleth the death of ſome Mayden of greate bloud, whom he calleth Dido. The perſonage is ſecret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himſelfe I often required the ſame, This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his ſong, which hee made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre paſſing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

THENOT.

COLIN, my deare, when ſhall it pleaſe thee ſing,
As thou wert wont, ſongs of ſome ioniſaunce?
Thy Muſe too long ſlumbreth in ſorrowing,
Lulled a ſleepe through loues miſgouernaunce.
Now ſomewhat ſing, whoſe endleſſe ſouenaunce,
Among the ſhepheards Swaines may aye remayne:
Whether thee liſt thy loued Laſſe aduaunce,
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

THENOT, now nis the time of merry make,
Nor PAN to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike mirth in May is meeteſt for to make,
Or Sommer ſhade, vnder the cocked hay.
But now ſad Winter welked hath the day,
And PHOEBVS weary of his yearely taske,
Yſtabliſht hath his ſteedes in lowly lay,
And taken vp his Inne in Fiſhes haske,
Thilke ſullen ſeaſon ſadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth ſike delights, as thou doeſt prayſe:
The mournefull Muſe in mirth now liſt ne maske,
As ſhe was wont in youngth and ſummer dayes,
But if thou algate luſt light virelayes,
And looſer ſongs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy ſelfe deſerues like Poets prayſe:
Reliefe thy Oaten pypes, that ſleepen long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is ſoueraigne of ſong,
Before him fits the Titmouſe ſilent be:
And I vnfit to thruſt in skilfull throng,
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie?
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned be,
And han been watred at the Muſes Well:
The kindly dew drops from the higher tree
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if ſad winters wrath, and ſeaſon chill,
Accord not with thy Muſes meriment:
To ſadder times thou maiſt atune thy quil,
And ſing of ſorrow and deaths dreeriment.
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and drent,
DIDO the great ſhepheard his daughter ſhe
The fayreſt May ſhe was that euer went,
Her like ſhe has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewayle my wofull teene,
I ſhall thee giue yond Coſſet for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as round and rufull been,
And thoſe that did thy ROSALINDE complayne,

Much

Much greater gifts,for guerdon thou ſhalt gaine,
Then Kidde or Coſſet,which I thee benempt:
Then vp I ſay, thou iolly ſhepheard ſwaine.
Let not my ſmall demaund be ſo contempt.

COLIN.

THENOT, to that I choſe,thou doſt me tempt,
But ah! too well I wote my humble vaine,
And how my rimes been rugged and vnkempt,
Yet as I con,my cunning I will ſtraine.

VP then MELPOMENE, the mournfull Muſe of (nine
Such cauſe of mourning neuer hadſt afore:
Vp griſly ghoſts,and vp my rufull rime,
Matter of mirth,now ſhalt thou haue no more:
For dead ſhe is,that mirth thee made of yore,
DIDO my deare,alaſſe is dead,
Dead,and lyeth wrapt in lead:
O heavie herſe,
Let ſtreaming teares be poured out in ſtore:
O carefull verſe.

Shepheards,that by your flockes on Kentiſh downes a-(bide,
Wayle ye this wofull waſte of Natures warke:
Wayle we the wight,whoſe preſence was our pride:
Wayle we the wight,whoſe abſence is our carke.
The ſunne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now wants her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night:
O heavie herſe,
Breake we our pipes,that ſhrild as loude as Larke,
O carefull verſe.

Why doe we longer liue,(ah why liue we ſo long)
Whoſe better dayes death hath ſhut vp in woe?
The fayreſt flowre our girlond all among,
Is faded quite,and into duſt ygoe.
Sing now ye ſhepheards daughter,ſing no mo,
The ſongs that COLIN made you in her prayſe,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O heavy hearſe:
Now is time to dye. Nay time was long ygoe,
O carefull verſe.

Whence is it, that the flowre of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?
Yet ſoone as Spring his mantle doth diſplay,
It flowreth freſh,as it ſhould neuer fayle.
But thing on earth that is of moſt avayle,
As vertues branch,and beauties bud,
Reliuen not for any good,
O heavy hearſe.
The branch once dead,the bud eke needs muſt quaile,
O carefull verſe.

She while ſhe was(that was,a wofull word to ſaine.
For beauties prayſe and pleaſance had no peere.
So well ſhe couth the ſhepheards entertaine,
With Cakes and cracknels, and ſuch country cheare,
Ne would ſhe ſcorne the ſimple ſhepheards ſwaine:
For ſhe would call him often heame,
And giue him Curds and clouted creame.
O heavie hearſe:
Als COLIN CLOVT ſhe would not once diſdayne,
O carefull verſe.

But now ſike happy cheare is turnd to heavy chaunce,
Such pleaſance now diſplaſt by dolours dint:
All Muſicke ſleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,
And ſhepheards wonted ſolace is extinct.
The blew in blacke, the greene in gray is tinct.
The gaudie girlonds deckt her graue,
The faded flowres her Corſe embraue.
O heavy herſe,
Mourne now my Muſe,now mourn with teares beſprent
O carefull verſe.

O thou great ſhepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy (griefe
Where bin the Noſegayes that ſhe dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knottiſh ruſh-rings,and gilt Roſemaree?
For ſhee deemed nothing too deare for thee.
Ah,they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blaſt blew all away.
O heavy herſe,
Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree,
O carefull verſe.

Ah me that dreery death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortall ſtroke,
That can vndoe Dame Natures kindly courſe:
The faded lockes fall from the lofty Oke.
The floudes doe gaſpe,for dryed is their ſourſe.
And floudes of teares flow in their ſtead perforce.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Their ſundry colours tourne,
O heavy herſe,
The heavens do melt in teares without remorſe,
O carefull verſe.

The feeble flocks in field refuſe their former foode,
And hang their heads,as they would learne to weepe:
The beaſts in forreſt wayle,as they were woode:
Except the Wolues,that chaſe the wandring ſheepe.
Now ſhee is gone that ſafely did hem keepe.
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound,that death did launch,
O heavy herſe:
And PHILOMELE her ſong with teares doth ſteepe,
O carefull verſe.

The water Nymphs,that wont with her to ſing & dance
And for her girlond Oliue branches beare,
Now balefull boughes of Cypres done advance:
The Muſes that were wont greene bayes to weare:
Now bringen bitter Eldre branches fere:
The fatall ſiſters eke repent,
Her vitall threed ſo ſoone was ſpent.
O heavy herſe,
Mourne now my Muſe, now mourn with heavy cheare,
O carefull verſe.

O truſtleſſe ſtate of earthly things,and ſlipper hope
Of mortall men,that ſwinke and ſweat for nought:

And

And shooting wide, doth misse the marked scope:
Now haue I learnd (a lesson deerely bought)
That nis on earth assurance to be sought:
For what might be in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hold?
O heavy herse,
Yet saw I on the beere when it was brought,
O carefull verse.

But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
And gates of hell, and fiery furies force:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her soule vnbodied of the burdenous corpse.
Why then weepes LOBBIN so without remorse?
O LOBB, thy losse no longer lament,
DIDO nis dead, but into heaven hent:
O happy herse,
Cease now my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes sourse,
O ioyfull verse.

Why wayle we then? why weary we the gods with plaints
As if some evill were to her betight?
She raignes a goddesse now among the Saints,
That whilome was the saint of shepheards light:
And is enstalled now in heavens hight.
I see the blessed soule, I see,
Walke in Elysian fields so free.
O happy herse,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verse.

Vnwise and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
Wee deeme of Death as doome of ill desert:
But knew wee fooles, what it vs brings vntill,
Dye would wee dayly, once it to expert.
No danger there the shepheard can astert:
Fayre fields and pleasant layes there beene:
The fields aye fresh, the grasse aye greene.
O happy herse.
Make haste yee shepheards, thither to reuert,
O ioyfull verse.

DIDO is gone afore (whose turne shall be the next?)
There liues shee with the blessed Gods in blisse:
There drinkes shee Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe misse.
The honour now of highest God she is,
That whilom was poore shepheards pride:
While here on earth she did abide:
O happy herse,
Cease now my song, my woe now wasted is,
O ioyfull verse.

THENOT.

Aye franke shepheard, how been thy verses meint,
With dolefull pleasance, so as I ne wotte:
Whether reioyce or weepe for great constraint?
Thine be the Cosset, well hast thou it gotte.
Vp COLIN, vp, ynough thou mourned hast:
Now ginnes to mizzle, hie we howmeward fast.

Colins Embleme.

La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE,

Iouisaunce, mirth. *Soueraunce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.

Welked, shortned or empayred. As the Moone being in the wane, is sayd of Lidgate to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the season of the moneth of November, when the Sunne draweth low in the South, toward the Tropicke or returne.

In fishes haske, the Sunne raigned, that is, in the signe Pisces, all November: a hask is a wicker ped, wherein they vse to carry fish.

Virelayes, a light kind of song.

Bewatred: for it is a saying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muses well, Castalias, whereof was before sufficiently sayd.

Dreeriment, dreery and heavy cheare.

The great shepheard, is some man of high degree, and not as some vainely suppose, God Pan. The person both of the shepheard and Dido is vnknowne, and closely buried in the Authors conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Rosalinde, as some imagine: for hee speaketh soone after of her also.

Sheene, fayre and shining. *May* for mayde. *Teene*, sorrow.

Guerdon, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

Cosset,

Coſſet, a lambe brought vp without the damme. *Vnkempt*, Incompit, Not combed, that is, rude and vnhanſome.

Melpomene. The ſad and wailefull Muſe, vſed of Poets in honour and Tragedies: as ſayth *Virgil*:

Melpomene tragico proclamat mœſta boatu.

Vp griſly ghoſts. The manner of the Tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of Furies and damned ghoſts: ſo is Hecuba of Euripides, & Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the reſt of the reſt.

Herſe, is the ſolemne obſequie in funerals.

Waſte of, decay of ſo beautifull a peece. *Carke*, care.

Ah why, an elegant Epanorthoſis, as alſo ſoone after. Nay time was long ago.

Floret, a diminitiue for a little flowre. This is a notable and ſententious compariſon, *A minore ad maius*.

Reliue not, liue not again. i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen they receiue their due reward.

The branch. He meaneth Dido: who being as it were the maine branch now withered; the buds, that is, beauty (as he ſayd afore) can no more flouriſh.

With cakes, fit for ſhepheards bankets.

Heame, for home, after the Northerne pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or ſtained.

The gawdie. The meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of her life, are made the honour of her funerall, as is vſed in burials.

Lobbin, the name of a ſhepheard, which ſeemeth to haue been the louer and deere friend of *Dido*.

Ruſh-rings, agreeable for ſuch baſe gifts.

Faded lockes, dryed leaues. As if Nature her ſelfe bewayled the death of the Mayde.

Sourſe, ſpring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the ſundry flowers are like a mantle or couerlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue beene a Lady of great beauty, till being rauiſhed by her ſiſters husband, ſhee deſired to be turned into a bird of her name: whoſe complaints bee very well ſet forth of M. George Gaſcoin a witty Gentleman, & the very chiefe of our late rimers: who & if ſome parts of learning wanted not (albeit it is well known hee altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellency of thoſe famous Poets. For, gifts of wit, and naturall promptneſſe, appeare in him aboundantly.

Cypres, vſed of the old Paynims in the furniſhing of their funerall pomp, and properly the ſigne of all ſorrow and heauineſſe.

The fatall Siſters. Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, whom the Poets fayne to ſpinne the life of man, as it were a long thredde, which they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come: but if by other caſualty his dayes be abridged, then one of them, that is, Atropos, is ſaid to haue cut the thread in twaine. Hereof commeth a common verſe.

Clotho colum baiulat, Lacheſis trahit, Atropos occat.

O truſtleſſe. A gallant exclamation moralized with great wiſdom, and paſſionate with great affection.

Beere, a frame, whereon they vſe to lay the dead corps.

Furies, of Poets are fayned to be three, Perſephone, Alecto, and Megera, which are fayde to be the Authors of all euill and miſchiefe.

Eternall night, is death or darkeneſſe of hell.

Betight, happened.

I ſee, A linely Icon or preſentation, as if he ſaw her in heauen preſent.

Eliſean fields, be deuiſed of Poets to be a place of pleaſure like Paradiſe, where the happy ſoules doe reſt in peace and eternall happineſſe.

Die would, the very expreſſe ſaying of Plato in Phædone.

Aſſert, befall vnawares.

Nectar and Ambroſia, be fained to be the drinke and food of the Gods: Ambroſia they liken to Manna in Scripture, and Nectar to be white like creame, whereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that ſpilt a cuppe of it, and ſtayned the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already diſcourſed that at large in my Commentary vpon the dreames of the ſame Author.

Meynt, mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to ſay, as death byteth not. For although by courſe of nature wee bee borne to die, and being ripened with age, as with timely harueſt, we muſt be gathered in time, or elſe of our ſelues we fall like rotted ripe fruit from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet ſayd before) as doome of ill deſert. For though the treſpaſſe of the firſt man brought death into the worlde, as the guerdon of ſinne, yet being ouercome by the death of one that dyed for all, it is now made (as Chaucer ſayth) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth wel with that was ſayde, that Death biteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

DECEMBER

Aegloga duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue (euen as the firſt beganne) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan: wherein, as wearie of his former waies, he proportioneth his life to the foure ſeaſons of the yeere, comparing his youth to the Spring time, when he was freſh and free from loues folly, His manhood to the Sommer, which he ſayth, was conſumed with great heate and exceſſiue drouth, cauſed through a Comet or blazing ſtarre, by which hee meaneth loue, which paſſion is commonly compared to ſuch flames and immoderate heate, his ripeſt yeares he reſembleth to an vnſeaſonable harueſt, wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to Winters chill and frosty ſeaſon, now drawing neere to his laſt end.

THe gentle ſhepheard ſate beſides a Spring,
All in the ſhadow of a buſhie Breere,
That COLIN hight, which well could pipe and ſing,
For he of TITYRVS his ſongs did lere.
There as he ſate in ſecret ſhade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his pittious mone.

O ſoueraigne PAN, thou God of ſhepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takeſt keepe:
And when our flockes into miſchance mought fall,
Dooſt ſaue from miſchiefe the vnwarie ſheepe.
Als of their maiſters haſt no leſſe regard
Then of the flocks, whuch thou doſt watch and ward.

I thee beſeech (ſo be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties, tunde to ſhepheardes Oaten reede,
Or if I euer ſonnet ſung ſo cleare:
As it were pleaſaunce mought thy fancy feed)
Harken a while from thy greene Cabinet,
The lawrell ſong of carefull COLINET.

Whilome in youth, when flowr'd my youthfull Spring,
Like Swallow ſwift, I wandred here and there:
For heat of heedleſſe luſt me ſo did ſting.
That I of doubted danger had no feare.
I went the waſtfull woods and forreſt wide,
Withouten dread of Wolues to been eſpide.

I wont to range amid the mazie thicket,
And gather nuts to make me Chriſtmas game:
And ioyed oft to chaſe the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartleſſe Hare, till ſhe were tame.
What recked I of wintry ages waſt?
Tho deemed I my ſpring would euer laſt.

How often haue I ſcal'd the craggy Oke,
All to diſlodge the Rauen of her neſt?
How haue I wearied with many a ſtroke,
The ſtately Walnut-tree, the while the reſt
Vnder the tree fell all at Nuts for ſtriſe?
For ylike to me, was liberty and life.

And for I was in thilke ſame looſer yeeres,
(Whether the Muſe ſo wrought me from my birth:
Or I too much beleeu'd my ſhepheards Peeres)
So medele ybent to ſong and muſicks mirth.
A good old ſhepheard, WRENOCK was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the ſame.

From thence I durſt in derring to compare
With ſhepheards ſwaine,what-euer fed in fielde:
And if that HOBBINOLL right iudgement bare,
To PAN his owne ſelfe pipe I need not yeeld.
For if the flocking Nymphes did follow PAN,
The wiſer Muſes after COLIN ran.

But ah ſuch pride at length was ill repaide,
The ſhepheards God,(perdie God was he none)
My hurtleſſe pleaſance did me ill vpbraid,
My freedome lorne, my life he left to none.
Loue they him called,that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely ſpring bid me farewell,
And ſummer ſeaſon ſped him to diſplay
(For loue then in the Lyons houſe did dwell)
The raging fire,that kindled at his ray.
A comet ſtird vp that vnkindly heate,
That raigned(as men ſaid)in VENVS ſeate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choyce I had to chuſe my wandring way:
But whither lucke and loues vnbrideled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.
The buſh my bed,the bramble was my bowre,
The woods can witneſſe many a wofull ſtoure.

Where I was wont to ſeeke the hony Bee,
Working her formall roomes in Wexen fame:
The grilly todeſtoole grow ne there mought I ſee,
And lo athing Paddockes lording on the ſame.
And where the chanting birds lulde me a ſleepe,
The ghaſtly Owle her grieuous Inne doth keepe.

Then as the Spring giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of ſummers pride:
All ſo my age,now paſſed youthly prime,
To things of riper reaſon ſelfe applyde:
And learn'd of lighter timber,cotes to frame,
Such as might ſaue my ſheepe and me fro ſhame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And baskets of bulruſhes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fiſh in winding ſale,
Was better ſeene,or hurtfull beaſts to hunt?
I learned als the ſignes of heauen to ken,
How PHOEBVS fayles,where VENVS ſits and when.

And tryed time yet taught me greater things,
The ſudden riſing of the raging ſeas:
The ſooth of birds by beating of their wings,
The power of hearbes,both which can hurt and eaſe:
And which be wont t'enrage the reſtleſſe ſheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall ſleepe.

But ah vniuſt and witleſſe COLIN CLOVT,
That kydſt the hidden kinds of many a weed:
Yet kydſt not one to cure thy ſore hart root,
Whoſe rankling wound as yet doth rifely bleed.
Why liu'ſt thou ſtill,& yet haſt thy deathes wound?
Why dyeſt thou ſtill,and yet aliue art found.

Thus is my ſummer worne away and waſted:
Thus is my harueſt haſtened all to rathe:
The eare that budded fayre, is burnt and blaſted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to ſcathe.
Of all the ſeed, that in my youth was ſowne,
Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.

My boughs and bloſſoms that crowned were at firſt,
And promiſed of timely fruit ſuch ſtore:
Are left both bare and barren now at erſt,
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted,ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harueſt waſte, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,
Been wither'd,as they had been gathered long:
Their rootes being dried vp for lacke of dew,
Yet dewed with teares they han been euer among.
Ah,who has wrought my ROSALIND this ſpight,
To ſpill the flowers that ſhould her girlond dight?

And I that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
Vnto the ſhifting of the ſhepheards foote:
Sike follies now haue gathered,as too ripe,
And caſt hem out,as rotten and vnſoote.
The looſer Laſſe I caſt to pleaſe no more,
One if I pleaſe,enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueſt hope,I haue
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:
Which,when I thought haue threſht in ſwelling ſheaue,
Cockle for corne,and chaffe for barly bare.
Soone as the chaffe ſhould in the fan be finde,
All was blowne away of the wauering winde.

So my yeare drawes to my latter terme,
My ſpring is ſpent,my ſummer burnt vp quite:
My harueſt haſtes to ſtirre vp winter ſterne.
And bids him claime with rigorous rage his right,
So now he ſtormes with many a ſturdy ſtoure,
So now his bluſtering blaſt each coaſt doth ſcoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright.
Delight is laid abed,and pleaſure paſt,
No Sunne now ſhines,clouds han all ouer-caſt.

Now leaue you ſhepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe,and weary of this ſtound:
Heere will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,
Was neuer pipe of reed did better ſound.
Winter is come,that blowes the bitter blaſt,
And after winter dreerie death does haſt.

Gather

Gather yee together my little flocke,
My little flocke that was to me moſt liefe:
Let me, ah let me in your folds yee locke,
Ere the breme winter breed you greater grief
Winter is com that blows the baleful breth
And after winter commeth timely death.

Adiew delights, that lulled me a ſleepe,
Adiew my deare, whoſe loue I bought ſo deare:
Adiew my little Lambes and loued ſheepe,
Adiew yee woods, that oft my witneſſe were:
Adiew good HOBBINOLL, that was ſo true,
Tell ROSALINDE, her COLIN bids her adiew.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tytirus, Chaucer, as hath been oft ſayd. *Lambkins*, young lambes.

Als of their, ſeemely to expreſſe Virgils verſe;

Pan curat oues oniumque magiſtros.

Deigne, vouchſafe, *Cabinet*, *Colinet*, diminutiues.

Mazie, for they be like to a maze, whence it is hard to get out againe.

Peeres, Fellowes and companions.

Muſicke, that is, Poetrie, as Terence ſayth; *Qui artem tractant muſicam*, ſpeaking of Poets.

Derring doe, aforeſayd.

Lions houſe, he imagineth ſimply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote ſigne Leo, which is in midſt of Sommer: a prety allegory, wherof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinary heate of loue.

His ray, which is Cupids beame of flames of luſt.

A comet, a blazing ſtar, meant of beauty, which was the cauſe of his hote loue.

Venus, the Goddeſſe of beauty or pleaſure. Alſo a ſign in heauen, as it is here taken. So he meaneth that beauty, which hath alway aſpect to Venus, was the cauſe of his vnquietneſſe in loue.

Where I was, a fine deſcription of the change of his life and liking, for all thinges now ſeemed to him to haue altered their kindly courſe.

Lording, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks & Frogs ſitting, which is indeed lordly, not mouing or looking once aſide, vnleſſe they bee ſtirred.

Then as, The ſecond part, that is, his manhood.

Cotes, Shepcotes, for ſuch be exerciſes of ſhepheards.

Sale, or ſallow, a kind of wood like willow, fit to wreath and bind in heapes to catch fiſh withall.

Phœbe ſayles. The Eclipſe of the Moone, which is alwayes in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, ſignes in heauen.

Venus, i. Venus ſtarre, otherwiſe called Heſperus, and Veſper, and Lucifer, both becauſe hee ſeemeth to be one of the brighteſt ſtarres, and alſo firſt riſeth, & ſetteth laſt. All which skill in ſtarres, being conuenient for ſhepheards to know, Theocritus and the reſt vſe.

Raging ſeas, The cauſe of the ſwelling and ebbing of the ſea cõmeth of the courſe of the Moone, ſometime increaſing, ſometime waning and decreaſing.

Sooth of birds A kind of ſoothſaying vſed in the elder times, which they gathered by the flying of birds; Firſt (as is ſayd) inuented by the Thuſcans, & from them deriued to the Romans, who (as it is ſaid in Liuie) were ſo ſuperſtitiouſly rooted in the ſame, that they agreed that euery noble man ſhould put his ſonne to the Thuſcanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes, That wondrous things be wrought by hearbs, well appeareth by the common working of the in our bodies, as also by the wonderfull enchauntments and sorceries that haue been wrought by them: insomuch that it is sayd, that Circe a famous Sorceresse, turned men into sundry kinds of beasts and monsters, & only by herbs: as the Poet sayth; *Dea saeua potentibus herbis, &c.*

Kidst, knowest. *Eare*, of corne. *Scathe*, losse, hinderance.

Euer among, Euer and anone. *This is my*, The third part, wherein is set forth his ripe yeeres, as an vntimely harueſt that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, sundry studies and laudable parts of learning, wherein our Poet is seen: be they witnesse which are priuie to his studie.

So now my yeere. The last part, wherein is described his age, by comparison of wintry stormes. *Carefull cold*, for care is sayd to coole the bloud.

Glee, mirth. *Hoarie frost*, A metaphor of hoarie hayres, scattered like a gray frost. *Breeme*, sharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights, is a conclusion of all. Where in sixe verses hee comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the first verse, his delights of youth generally. In the second, the loue of Rosalinde. In the third, the keeping of sheepe, which is the argument of all the Aeglogues. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the last two his professed friendshippe and good will to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning whereof is, that all things perish and come to their last end, but workes of learned wits and monuments abide for euer. And therefore *Horace* of his Odes (a worke though full indeed of great witte and learning, yet of no so great weight and importance) boldly sayth:

Exegi monimentum ere perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poet in his Epilogue sayth, he made a Calender that shall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace & Ouid in the like.

Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetustas, &c.

Loe I haue made a Calender for euery yeare,
That steele in strength and time in durance shall out-weare:
And if I marked well the starres reuolution,
It shall continue till the worlds dissolution.
To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
And from the falsers fraud his folded flocke to keepe.
Goe little Calender, thou hast a free pasport:
Go but a lowly gate amongst the meaner sort.
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tytirus his stile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man playde a while:
But follow them farre off, and their high steps adore,
The better please, the worse displease: I aske no more.

Merce non mercede.

FINIS.